The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 48 NO. 7
JULY 1961
Lessons for October

All Must Drink

Hazel Loomis

Who are these who water at the Bow,
On feet as silent as a fawn
And quiet as the falling snow?

Some come at dawn;
Some, with the evening star;
Some, with the full great bloom of sun.

Creatures of the air and wood
Move as sunshine in the glade.
All drink in peace — all unafraid.

Pray God, men, too, may know
The gentle path of those who drink
The cooling waters of the Bow.

The Bow River rises in the Canadian Rockies and is tributary to the Saskatchewan. The city of Calgary, home of many Latter-day Saints, is located on the Bow River.

The Cover: "This Is the Place" Monument, Salt Lake City, Utah
Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

Frontispiece: Bow River Valley, Alberta, Canada
Photograph by Harold M. Lambert

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

I love the *Magazine*. The covers are so beautiful and the April *Magazine* contained several articles that particularly appealed to me. "Kicking the Rock," by Celia Luce, and "On Second Thought," by Stella Hatch, gave me much pleasure. The Relief Society Conference address "Search for Knowledge and Understanding," by President Joseph Fielding Smith, was inspirational and gave a wonderful message. The story "Room for Jenny," by Dorothy S. Romney was really heart-touching.

—Lorraine Hatch
Boise, Idaho

I was particularly touched by Leslie Savage Clark's poem "Homecoming" and Marie Call Webb's "Idyll Moment" in the February 1961 issue of the *Magazine*. Our lovely *Magazine* inspires me to do my very best to live up to the ideals set for us as sisters in the Church.

—Judith Toone
Evanston, Illinois

How wonderfully blessed would be all the homes of the world, if they could be visited monthly by the spirit of our lovely *Magazine*. It uplifts us and supplies a spiritual need we all have. I feel that we should all take seriously the message of the poem "Set Your Kindred Free" (by Clara Lewis Jennings, May 1961).

—Mary D. Crowther
Malad, Idaho

I am a missionary in the Andes Mission, working now in Lima, Peru. My mother sends me *The Relief Society Magazine*, and I look forward to its coming each month. The short stories offer a pleasant diversion. My companion Lucile Hyer and I often read the stories to each other while we are cooking or mending. We have the wonderful opportunity of working with the Relief Society here in Lima. We have enjoyed reading and talking about "Orchids in the Snow" (serial by Rosa Lee Lloyd, concluded in December 1960), and now we are impatiently awaiting the next chapter of "Love Is Enough" by Mabel Harmer.

—Evelyn Darlington
Lima, Peru

I enjoy our *Magazine* very much, and I also enjoy the pictures on the covers, especially the February 1961 picture of the volcanic eruption (Kilauea Crater, Mauna Loa, Hawaii). It was beautiful.

—Kinuyo Fukada
Hilo, Hawaii

I always enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. I don't have the will power that some of the sisters have to lay the *Magazine* aside until the work is done. I find it the best excuse in the world to stop right then and sit down and at least get the editorial and one article read. I have usually read the entire *Magazine* by the end of the day, and always feel uplifted and exhilarated.

—Winnifred C. Jardine
Colorado Springs, Colorado

I enjoyed reading the May issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and I wish to compliment the author of "Lovingly Remembered," Frances C. Yost, on her heart-warming story. The poetry in the May *Magazine* is beautiful. The art of poetry lends sparkle to our thoughts.

—Mrs. Dana S. Benson
Malad, Idaho

I especially look forward each month to the continued story "Love Is Enough" by Mabel Harmer. It was a thrill to read about the Singing Mothers' concert tour, by President Belle S. Spafford. As I toured Europe in 1955 with the Tabernacle Choir and attended the dedication of the Swiss temple, I know in a small way what a thrill it was for the Singing Mothers and how much good they must have done. "Spring Housecleaning," by Hattie B. Maughan (May 1961) was so well done and carried a special message for me, as we have so recently moved from Logan, Utah, and Sister Maughan was our Utah State University Stake president. I am going to place a copy of the poem "Set Your Kindred Free" (by Clara Lewis Jennings, May 1961) in our genealogy book. All of the poems, stories, and features in the *Magazine* are an inspiration to me.

—Nola Thomas Vance
Sidney, Nebraska

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - - First Counselor
Louise W. Madsen - - - - - - - Second Counselor
Hulda Parker - - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Anna B. Hart
Edith S. Elliott
Florence J. Madsen
Leone G. Layton
Blanche B. Stoddard
Evon W. Peterson
Aleine M. Young
Josie B. Bay
Christine H. Robinson
Alberta H. Christensen
Mildred B. Eyring
Charlotte A. Larsen
Edith P. Backman
Winniefred S. Manwaring
Elna P. Haymond
Annie M. Ellsworth
Mary R. Young
Mary V. Cameron
Afton W. Hunt
Weatha S. Mendenhall
Pearle M. Olsen
Elsa T. Peterson
Irene B. Woodford
Fanny S. Kienitz
Elizabeth B. Winters
LaRue H. Rosell
Jennie R. Scott
Alice L. Wilkinson
LaPriel S. Bunker
Irene W. Buehner

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

VOL. 48 JULY 1961 NO. 7

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Reminiscings ..... Camilla Eyring Kimball 428
"The Precious Words" ..... May C. Hammond 442

FICTION

The Missing Ingredient ..... Pansye H. Powell 432
"It Was Easy, My Child" ..... Mabel Law Atkinson 445
A Very Special Place ..... Betty Lou Martin 446
A Lesson in Love ..... Patricia Ann Middleton 453
Love Is Enough — Chapter 7 ..... Mabel Harmer 458

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 426
Sixty Years Ago 438
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 439
Editorial: The Ripening of the Wheat ..... Vesta P. Crawford 440
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 465
Birthday Congratulations 496

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Sheets Masquerade Well ..... Shirley Thulin 450
Esther Chloe Settle Makes Toys for Relief Society Bazaars 451
Afterglow ..... Nancy M. Armstrong 452
Things ..... Elsie C. Carroll 455
Pavlova Cake ..... Frances A. Katene 455
Recipes for a Picnic ..... Winnifred Jardine 456
My Way or My Happiness ..... Celia Luce 464

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

Theology — Records Are Important ..... Roy W. Doxey 472
Visiting Teacher Messages — "He That Prayeth. . . ." ..... Christine H. Robinson 478
Work Meeting — Manners Matter ..... Elaine Anderson Cannon 479
Literature — Nathaniel Hawthorne — **The Scarlet Letter** ..... Briant S. Jacobs 481
Social Science — The Scripture and Woman's Place ..... Ariel S. Ballif 487

POETRY

All Must Drink — Frontispiece ..... Hazel Loomis 425
Magnolia Bloom ..... Ethel Jacobson 436
High Summer ..... Maude Rubin 437
Wind-Whispering Wood ..... Melba S. Payne 441
New Choir Member ..... Ouida Johns Pedersen 444
Byways ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 449
A Time to Dream ..... Maude O. Cook 450
Fair Moon ..... Catherine Bowles 451
Time Is Now ..... Rose Thomas Graham 464
Blue Rock ..... Mabel Jones Gabbott 471
Forgotten Things ..... Grace Barker Wilson 494
Life Bouquet ..... Ida Elaine James 494
Song for Remembering ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 495

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY
Copyright 1961 by General Board of Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $2.00 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; 20c a copy; payable in advance. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

Reminiscings

Camilla Eyring Kimball

A man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor (Alexander Smith).

THE happy life is not ushered in at any age "to the sound of drums and trumpets." It grows upon us year by year, little by little, until at last, we realize we have it. You do not find the happy life; you make it. We are continually being reminded these days that material things do not bring happiness, and yet, if we look about us at the struggle being made to accumulate worldly possessions, we know that few of us will admit that the simple life may bring the greatest peace of mind and real happiness. Far too many homes are filled with anxiety and discontent because of the struggle to accumulate *things*.

There are advantages in having one's life span from the horse and buggy days to the jet age. It is only by contrast that we can fully appreciate. I find delight in reliving my childhood spent in the days when the family was self-sufficient, and the small community was one big family. Let me recount for you the activities of yesterday which will bring memories to many of you and may sound like another world to young women of the present generation. Our social science lessons in Relief Society the past two years were designed to help us to have a more mature sense of values. The mature woman does not hesitate to admit her age, we were taught; so I dare to recall the activities of my childhood which will definitely date me.

As I enjoy the modern conveniences which make housekeeping comparatively easy, I recall the wood-burning stove in our kitchen, sixty years ago, which called for the gathering of chips to start the fire, chopping the wood and filling the wood box. We are prone to accept the hot and cold water coming from taps as a matter of course, but in the "good old days," we often dipped the water from the irrigation ditch to do the washing, and a well or a pump in the back yard was the beginning of luxury. Hot water was provided from a "reservoir" on the back of the kitchen stove or from the tea kettle which always had a way of being empty when hot water was most needed. On Saturday afternoon, the wash boiler or extra kettles were placed on the stove to heat water for the weekly baths so that all the family would be clean for Sunday. The kitchen became the bathroom, and each member of the family had his turn for a scrubbing, sitting in the number-three tub.

Monday was always washday. Clothes were put to soak the night before. Father would build a fire in the back yard, where the tub of water, resting on a circle of rocks, was heated. The clothes were scrubbed on a washboard and then put in the tub of water on the fire to be boiled. It took me many years in later life to be sure clothes could really be sanitary, if they had not been boiled. Then came the rinsing, the bluing, and hanging on

the line to dry in the sun. What a fresh, clean smell clothes thus washed do have! It was a matter of pride to be the first in the neighborhood to have your white clothes hanging on the line. There was real competition, too, to see whose clothes were the whitest. If they were tattle-tale gray, everyone in the neighborhood knew it, as well as all the passers-by.

Ironing day followed on Tuesday. The flatirons were heated on the kitchen stove. Sometimes the smoke from the fire came through the cracks around the lids, so one must be sure to wipe the iron carefully before using it. As the iron cooled, it was exchanged for a hot one. Ironing was a long and tiring task, but what can be more satisfying than freshly ironed, starched petticoats, dresses, and shirts? It gives a real sense of accomplishment when it is well done.

A daily chore was cleaning and filling the coal-oil lamps. The wick must be carefully trimmed so that the flame would be straight across. Washing and polishing the lamp chimneys was the hardest job of all. Sometimes I tried to get by with wiping them out with paper, but this didn't often pass inspection, and someone was sure to complain if the light was dimmed when we sat down to read or study.

Fall housecleaning meant turning the house inside out. The homemade carpets in the parlor and bedrooms were untacked from the floors, hung on the clothesline and beaten vigorously to get out all the dust. The straw padding was gathered up in tubs, the floor carefully washed, and when it was dry, a fresh padding of straw was spread, the carpets replaced, stretched, and tacked. How we loved to walk over the freshly-laid carpets and feel and hear the new straw crunch underfoot.

In food preparation, do you ever stop to think how many prepared things you buy from the store in cans, bottles, and packages? None of these was then available. Yeast for making bread we usually obtained from a neighbor. I would carry a cup of sugar or flour in a small bucket and, in exchange, receive a quart of yeast made with hops. It was delicious to drink, and I kept taking sips as I carried it home so that Mother often exclaimed that there was probably not enough left to raise the dough.

DURING the summer there was the almost continuous task of bottling fruits, vegetables, and meat. Drying apricots, peaches, and corn took many more hours. A special delicacy was homemade hominy. In the fall when the corn was harvested, we would shell it from the cob. Mother soaked the wood ashes in water to leach out the lye. The corn was then soaked in the lye water until the hull could be rubbed off. Then came repeated washings to get every trace of the lye out. When the hominy was cooked and seasoned with butter, it was delicious.

The fall season brought another happy experience, a trip to the molasses mill for a candy pull. I remember one occasion especially well. It was getting late in the evening before the candy was done, so to hasten the process of cooling, we poured the boiling candy into a bucket of cold water to cool it

quickly so we could pull it. Each of us reached in for a handful. I was a bit too eager and got my hand under the boiling syrup as it was poured out. I carried the blisters and then scars of a bad burn for a long time.

Milk was not delivered in bottles or purchased from the store in cartons. Herding the cows in the pasture during the summer months was healthy work for the children. Sometimes they weren't as careful as they should have been and a cow would bloat from eating alfalfa. This called for quick action on the part of farm boys who knew how to put a gag in her mouth or even to "stick" the cow if she was badly bloated. Morning and evening after the cows were milked, Mother strained the warm milk into broad flat pans and placed them in the pantry for the cream to rise. Churning the cream into butter was sometimes a seemingly endless task, if the cream was too cold or too warm. Washing the butter and molding it into pound molds completed a task which took real skill, if the product was to be of first class quality. Fresh churned buttermilk was a valued product of the churning. The pans of clabbered milk were made into mounds of cottage cheese, or sometimes just to put a little sugar on the clabber made a delicacy for some members of the family.

The smell of roasting bran and molasses stirred frequently as it browned in the oven, or left-over pieces of bread toasted a dark brown are another fond memory. These were steeped with water, strained, and served for breakfast with cream and sugar, as we prepare Postum.

Making soap was another of Mother's accomplishments. In the back yard was a huge brass kettle into which all the waste fat from the kitchen and pieces of suet from the butchered beef were placed with water and lye. These were boiled together to the right consistency, determined by testing. When the soap was cooled and hardened it was cut into squares and put on a board to cure. Soap purchased from the store was a special luxury and used only as a toilet article.

"Ready-made" clothes from the store were unknown to us. Underwear, petticoats, dresses, coats, and shirts were all fashioned by busy hands at home. Carefully washed flour sacks were made into petticoats and panties. Sometimes the name of the milling company wouldn't wash out so that we might be labeled across the back. Father's worn-out suits were carefully washed and turned to make trousers for the boys. There was always a basket of stockings to darn. This was something Mother was especially careful about. No one was ever allowed to wear stockings or clothes that needed mending.

MOTHER was skilled at knitting, and I can still hear the click of the knitting needles as she knitted stockings for the family. This was her recreation, for she could read as she knit. Hand-knit wool stockings were a great trial to me, for they made my legs itch unmercifully. Father, on the other hand, felt that he couldn't wear any socks except the wool ones Mother knitted. Besides the stockings, she knit many yards of beautiful lace for pillow slips and aprons.

Piecing and making quilts were

other never finished jobs. Mother took the wool which had been sheared and soaked and washed it. We children had the task of "picking" or loosening the matted fibers. Then Mother would card it into numerous small batts which she used for the filling of the quilts. When the quilt was ready on the frames, friends and relatives came for an all-day quilting bee. This was a real social occasion and a chance for a good visit.

ALL worn-out clothing was carefully washed, then torn or cut into short or long strips about an inch wide. These strips were sewed together in hit and miss color combinations and then wound into big balls. The balls were stored in the closet until enough accumulated to have a new rag carpet or smaller rugs woven on the hand loom.

Transportation was slow, but it was fun. There were always horses or burros to ride. Young people loved to go for hayrack rides in the moonlight, singing as they rode. Father had a span of extra fancy horses, and when we made the eighteen-mile journey in three hours to visit Grandmother, it was speed to talk about, quite as exciting as a jet plane ride today. And Grandma added another skill to those of my mother. She took the wheat straws and made beautiful braid which she sewed into hats for all the family.

As you know, there were no movies, TV, or radio or any commercial entertainment; but locally produced theatricals were most exciting. You knew the hero and villain personally, which added to the interest. Everyone who wished to, had an opportunity to take part in the entertainment productions. Between acts there were songs, recitations, and instrumental musical selections. The weekly dances were a community activity, where young and old danced the quadrille, the schottische, and the Virginia reel together. What fun!

There were no hospitals, doctors, or registered nurses, so the health of the community was everyone's concern. The Relief Society sisters were real angels of mercy, caring for the sick and comforting the distressed. When there was a death, it was the Relief Society sisters who cared for the body, made the burial clothes, and dressed the corpse. The men made the coffin, and the sisters lined it carefully. The grave was dug by friends, and when the coffin was lowered, the friends carefully covered the grave, while everyone stayed to comfort the mourners. The sorrow of one was the sorrow of the entire community.

I am grateful for the wonderful modern conveniences and for all the exciting developments modern science has brought us. But I know they do not automatically bring happiness. There were some advantages in the busy, self-sufficient days of yesteryear. Some of that simple life can be recaptured with family camping trips or visits to rural areas. Such experiences should help us to re-evaluate and remind us that we should not take our luxuries for granted nor consider them all-important. Happiness is achieved in individuals, not by flights to the moon or Mars, but in the satisfaction of mature adjustment to life as we find it.

Thanks in old age . . . for precious ever-lingering memories (Walt Whitman).

The Missing Ingredient

Pansye H. Powell

AT four o'clock Miss Fannie placed the last jar of cherry preserves on the cellar shelf and stood back contentedly to survey the results of the hard work she had been doing for two days. There they were, lined up neatly in a row all to themselves — twenty pint jars of what she hoped would be the best cherry preserves put up that year in Clinton County.

Her hope was based upon experience. For thirty years Miss Fannie Himes had taken the blue ribbon at the Clinton County Fair for the unsurpassed tastiness of her cherry preserves. She had experimented with recipes, finding none that produced results entirely to her liking, adding to and taking away from the original ingredients, until, finally, she had developed a recipe that never failed to win her plaudits from the judges. The slightly tart, uncloying sweetness of her red cherry preserves had no equal, so the critics had said year after year.

To Miss Fannie this yearly tribute to her cooking ability was life's greatest achievement. She looked forward to it all during the long dull winter when, sometimes for weeks together, she was marooned in her farmhouse, connected to the rest of her world by only the telephone, and that, too, at times made useless by heavy sleet that froze on the wires.

Working around in her spotlessly clean home, she would pause to look out across the snow-covered lawn to her orchard, where the cherry trees stood silently enduring the onslaught of cold weather. She knew they would live through it, they always had, but she suffered with them as the winds rattled their branches together and even broke off some of the precious twigs that would have borne crimson cargo. She dreamed in those long cold months of the coming spring, when the carefully pruned trees would break into bloom, every blossom a promise of greater bounty to come. To Miss Fannie, at seventy-five, the annual burgeoning of her cherry trees held spiritual significance; it was uplifting and moving, but she admitted privately and pridefully, it promised earthly glory, too.

Now, down in her cool cellar, she looked carefully at each jar and moved a few that were not exactly in line with the others. Everything Miss Fannie did was always done neatly and with care. The cellar bin for her potatoes was kept as clean as her kitchen cupboard shelves. Her apple bin still sheltered a few of last year's Jonathans, each wrapped in its protective paper covering. The shelves above the bins held her store of home-canned tomatoes, green beans, spinach, peaches, and pears, and even some jars of meat. She had some relish left, too; but an unusually confining winter had caused her to use much of her available store of fruit and vegetables, so now she was planning how to replenish it. The cherry preserves had been her first product of this year's crops, and they were beautiful, indeed.

"Miss Fannie!" A voice called from the yard above her.

She knew the voice. Carol Watkins was her closest neighbor, the young city-bred wife whom Ronnie Watkins had met at the university and brought home to share his life on the farm he had inherited from his parents. Miss Fannie had known Ronnie all his life, so she had been prepared to like his wife, and she did like her, although Carol's home economics training at times had caused her and Miss Fannie to see things in different lights.

Miss Fannie called out cordially: "I'm in the cellar, Carol. Come on down here."

A moment later a pretty girl of twenty in a freshly ironed pink gingham dress came down the steps, walking carefully so as not to drop the pint jar she was carrying.

"I brought you a sample of my cherry preserves," she announced. "Of course, they are not nearly so good as yours are, but I'd like you to try them."

"Why, thanks, Carol." Miss Fannie spoke sincerely, for she appreciated the way Carol was always thinking of her and doing little things to please her. "I'll tell you what let's do. It's about time for a snack, isn't it? Let's go up to the kitchen and I'll make us a cup of Postum and I'll try your preserves right now while you're here."

Miss Fannie gave a last maternal look at the row of cherry preserves and then led the way up the stairs. She shut the cellar door carefully behind her, then conducted Carol through the back porch to the cheerful kitchen that still smelled of hot preserves.

"You sit down over there by the table," she said, "while I heat some water in a jiffy."

She busied herself about the stove, while Carol sat at the table. Miss Fannie went on talking as she got out a loaf of homemade bread and a dish of rich yellow butter molded in a rectangle.

"I'll serve you some of my cherry preserves," she said. "I always keep some that are left over from the canning, for just such occasions as this."

"I'd love to taste your preserves," Carol said delightedly. "Ronnie has told me how delicious they are, and how you have won the county fair prize for so many years."

"Practice — that's all," Miss Fannie replied. "Make preserves as many years as I have, and 'most anybody ought to win a prize."

"I'm not so sure about that," Carol laughed. "They say you've got the secret ingredient that makes all other people's cherries seem insipid in contrast. Mine will probably taste the same way."

Miss Fannie spread a clean white cloth on the table and placed two of her best plates on it.

"Now," she said to Carol, "you get the silver and napkins and the cups and saucers and we're about ready."

While Carol carried out her instructions, Miss Fannie took two identical small glass dishes from the cupboard and emptied some of her own preserves into one and some of Carol's into the other. Then she set the preserves on the table, Carol's at one place and her own at the other.

While Miss Fannie went to the stove to pour the water, Carol finished making the table ready, moving the glass dishes as she did so to

make room for the cups and saucers at each place. In returning the glass dishes to their former position, she inadvertently placed them in reverse order, so that now Miss Fannie was being served her own preserves.

"Now, are we all ready?" Miss Fannie beamed over her cup of Postum.

She sat down at her place and they bowed their heads in prayer. Miss Fannie buttered a piece of bread and spread it with the preserves that were by her plate. As she tasted the first bite of the bread, a strange look came over her face. She looked at the two glass dishes, but discovered that the preserves in the two dishes were identical in color. Carol, who had not tasted the preserves yet, was unaware that Miss Fannie was disturbed.

SURELY, Miss Fannie thought, surely, Carol hadn't made these preserves. Why, they are every bit as good as mine! Could a girl just out of school do what it took me almost forty years to learn to do?

By this time Carol had prepared a piece of bread for herself and was eating it. She smiled suddenly. "How do you like my preserves, Miss Fannie?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

Miss Fannie answered at once, "These are very good, Carol. They're every bit as good as mine."

Carol laughed gaily. "They are yours, Miss Fannie! I guess I must have changed the places when I was setting the table. Here, you try some of mine, now. I'll bet you won't think mine are every bit as good as yours."

Carol handed Miss Fanny the dish containing her own preserves and watched anxiously as Miss Fannie spread some of the cherries on a piece of bread and tasted them with the air of a connoisseur; then, as Miss Fannie smiled at her, she sat back in her chair and awaited the verdict.

"They are very nice," Miss Fannie said sincerely.

"But they aren't quite the way they ought to be," Carol declared. "I'll never be content until they are. I'll keep trying, though. If I could make cherry preserves like yours, I'd really think I was a good cook. There are things a person can't learn out of a book about cooking, I know. It takes experience and sometimes just a little thing to make the difference between something really good and something just so-so. Don't you think that's right?"

"I do think it is true," Miss Fannie answered. "I tried for a long time to find just the right length of time to cook my preserves, and the right proportion of sugar and cherries. Even now, sometimes, I do not do them just right."

"They taste just right to me," Carol declared," and I hope you win the blue ribbon again this year. You truly deserve it. Now, I think I'd better be getting on home. Ronnie wanted supper early so he could go to a Farm Bureau meeting tonight. If you'll excuse me, Miss Fannie, I'll run along now."

And Carol was gone, a flash of pink out the door and past the kitchen window. Miss Fannie heard her car start up and listened as the sound died out down the lane.

SITTING alone at the table, Miss Fannie thought back over Carol's visit. Somehow she felt as

though something had gone wrong, and she was vaguely dissatisfied with herself as she reconstructed the conversation she had had with Carol. Miss Fannie was a very honest person, with others and with herself. When she remembered what she had thought when she first tasted the preserves and believed them to be Carol's, she knew she had allowed herself to feel envy, for only a second, indeed, but it had been in her mind. Now she brought herself to task sharply.

OF all the people who knew Miss Fannie — and she was known by everyone who lived within a radius of twenty miles of the home where she had lived all her life — no one would ever have suspected her of being proud. She was loved for her generosity, her benevolence, her fairness, and her honesty. No one could look at Miss Fannie's fresh rosy cheeks, her plump figure, her clear blue eyes, and feel that behind this facade there lurked one little fault. No one knew better than Miss Fannie herself what her failing was. Now, as she sat alone in her kitchen with the sound of the car retreating down the lane, Miss Fannie once more faced her weakness and acknowledged that pride in her achievement had intervened between her and what secretly she knew she ought to do — share with Carol the knowledge she had gained over so many years.

Why, she demanded of herself, shouldn't a younger woman be able to produce cherry preserves like hers? Did everything in the world have to come the hard way, as her special ability had? Wasn't it why people struggled and worked that they might pass on to others their knowledge and make life easier for them? She knew, now that she thought over the conversation, that Carol had wanted her to say what was wrong with the preserves that Carol had brought her. And she had said nothing, selfishly hoarding her knowledge, not realizing, really.

Miss Fannie knew what it would mean if she did share her knowledge with Carol. The tempting picture of the exhibit at the County Fair was often in her mind: the judges examining so carefully each jar; the blue ribbon; the exclamations of her friends and of people who didn't even know her; the priceless moments of the only real distinction she had ever had — she who had quit school when she was fourteen to take care of her sick mother; who remained at home after her mother's death to manage her father's household; who never had a chance to go to college to learn to do things the easy way — all to be cast aside to allow someone younger to place in the competition.

There was another little voice that spoke to Fannie, sometimes, when she least expected it. Now it made itself heard again: "Fannie, just how long do you expect to be in this business? You're seventy-five, Fannie, and there comes a day when your work should let up, you know. Isn't it about time to let someone younger take over?"

Of course, Carol was the most logical person in the world to pick up where Miss Fannie would let go. Carol's preserves were good; with a little extra coaching she should be able to duplicate Miss Fannie's achievement, especially if Miss Fannie did the coaching.

The little voice was trying again. "You're seventy-five, Fannie. Time to retire, isn't it? Time to share your greatest achievement? Why don't you try, Fannie? Isn't it selfish to want all the honor for yourself?"

The nagging little voice kept on, and the one word that echoed and re-echoed in Miss Fannie's mind was *selfish, selfish, selfish.*

"I won't be selfish," she heard herself saying. "I'll call Carol right now and tell her to come over."

Immediately she found herself at the telephone, dialing her nearest neighbor's number. Ronnie answered. Miss Fannie didn't ask for Carol, but spoke quickly to Ronnie.

"Ronnie, this is Miss Fannie. Is Carol going with you to the Farm Bureau meeting tonight?"

"Why, no, I believe not. It's just a committee meeting for some men."

"Then you bring her over here to stay with me while you're gone. You tell her I said it's very important that she come, and I don't want no for an answer. You bring her, Ronnie, will you?"

"I sure will, Miss Fannie, I sure will."

Miss Fannie hung up the receiver with a strange feeling of having come to either the end of something or the beginning, and she wasn't sure which. Maybe, she thought, it's both — the end of my prize-winning days and the beginning of Carol's.

Carol arrived at seven-thirty. She and Miss Fannie had a long session, during which Carol took copious notes and after which she kissed Miss Fannie goodbye heartily.

Miss Fannie walked slowly up her stairs that night. The day had been a hard one and she needed rest. Though her body was tired, her mind was clear, her conscience free. In fact, she felt whole, as though that part of her character which had been missing had suddenly popped into its place and now she was the kind of person that she ought to be.

Her evening prayer was one of gratitude that all this should be so. "Amen," she said at the end of her prayer — and then she repeated softly and with deep conviction, "Amen!"

Magnolia Bloom

Ethel Jacobson

Who carved the moon
Into this sculptured shell,
This opulent
And pearl-petaled bell,
And hung it from
The brooding bough of night
To chime there
In its own hushed lunar light?

Don Knight

SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS NEAR RIDGEWAY, COLORADO

High Summer

Maude Rubin

She climbs these icy peaks like a mountaineer,
Taking the steepest trails in easy stages;
Stopping to pluck snow-lilies — or to hear
First call of grouse, a pine-squirrel's chattered rages;
Picking her careful steps through grama grass,
She touches lichens with a bloom of rust;
And in each snow-packed crevice of the pass,
She flings anemones with lavish trust
That winter's had its day! Though pasque-flower buds
May need their furry coats, though sun's deceiving
Kiss may change to wolf-wind episodes,
We hug this bright illusion. . . . Not for grieving,
This blue enchantment! Although no early-comer,
Welcome her, welcome her . . . cherish this brief, high summer!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

DAUGHTERS OF THE PIONEERS: . . . the Gospel is so broad, so beautiful that its wings fold themselves lovingly about every child of earth. . . . There is, then, a higher standard. That of Christ. If any among you would be great, let him be least and the servant of all. . . . Help for the weak, succor for the poor, aid to the struggling and peace for the tried and tempted. . . . To be known for loving humility, for patient endurance, for constant helpfulness! To frown upon sin and deceit, to discourage vanity, extravagance, highmindedness and all other worldliness. . . .

—Susa Young Gates

A CENTURY POEM, 1901

While Pacific waters murmur,
The century comes to me;
Be careful of your blessings,
In the homes of people free,
'Neath the grand old mountain shadows,
We slumbered ere the morn,
No voice had round us thundered,
"The century is born! . . ."

—Emily B. Spencer

ABOUT ART: There is nowadays a great deal of talk about art, and it is an understood fact that art enters into many things in life besides pictures. Recently some facts about art were given at the farewell meeting of Sorosis in New York City. . . . One lady . . . said the whole art of life is to learn real things from shams; to learn how to strip the husks away and get at the kernel; how to absorb that kernel in our own lives; transform its energy by our own individuality in the expression of ourselves in terms of work and conduct. . . .

—Selected

THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH: . . . to prolong human life is one of the principles taught by our Prophet Joseph Smith and others of our wise men, and in order to do so one must obey the laws of nature, the higher laws taught by revelation to the Latter-day Saints. Very few people really abide by the regulations they know to be advantageous to life and health, but promise themselves, perchance, bye and bye . . . they will examine their own accounts, not financially, but generally, and compare them with what the Lord has said in the revelations given in the latter days, and see if they compare well with the written instructions, and take care of the bodies given them, and seek by all legitimate means to preserve their health and strength, that they may not come under condemnation for not taking care of their mortal bodies.

—Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN SOUTH SANPETE: President Alvira L. Cox made opening remarks, reminded the sisters . . . of the necessity of cultivating faith. . . . Sister Julia C. Howe, of Salt Lake City . . . dwelt on the importance of the mission of the teachers. . . . Spoke of the necessity of teachers seeking Divine aid, that their words might be words of wisdom. . . .

—A. L. C.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. LOUISE SEVIER GIDDINGS CURREY, of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, mother of six children and "champion of all neglected children," was chosen American Mother of the Year for 1961, at the Conference of Mothers in New York City, in May. Mrs. Currey is noted for her efforts to improve juvenile court conditions, working especially for the separation of neglected and dependent children from delinquents.

MRS. NETTIE JANE BARBER WILCOX, seventy-nine, of Kaysville, is Utah's Mother of the Year for 1961. Left a widow at the age of thirty-seven, she reared seven children, of whom six survive, and also two grandsons. They are intelligent, well mannered and useful members of their communities. Her aim was to build character in her own children and in the thousands of young people who ate at her famous high-school "Beanery" for twenty-seven years, where they enjoyed her homemade chili, meat pies, and soup, and frequently sought her advice as a bonus. Active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Mrs. Wilcox is also a member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She is noted for her beautiful handiwork and for her success at raising flowers and plants.

MRS. REVA BECK BOSONE, formerly a judge in Salt Lake City, has been appointed by President Kennedy as Judicial Officer of the United States Post Office Department. Prior to the appointment, she was Legal Counsel for the Safety and Compensation Subcommittee of the House Labor Committee.

FOUR hundred five women received M.D. degrees last year, according to Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, Executive Vice-President of the American Medical Association. He reported that there are now more than 13,000 women doctors in the United States; but the Association hopes that there will be far more women doctors. The present number is only five and one-half per cent of the physicians in the country.

MRS. AMELIA D. EVERETT, Oakland, California, a Latter-day Saint, has recently completed a research study of the ship *Brooklyn*, which sailed from New York City, February 4, 1846, for San Francisco, with over two hundred Latter-day Saints aboard. The ship passed through the Golden Gate July 31, 1846. Part of Mrs. Everett's scholarly monograph has been printed in the *California Historical Society Quarterly*.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 48 JULY 1961 NO. 7

The Ripening of the Wheat

NOW, in July, as the summer comes to its fulfillment and turns toward the time of golden days, many wheat fields in the Northern Hemisphere begin to change in color from deep green to shades of living gold. All beautiful, in furrowed lands, the wheat fields ripple on the plains, in the wide valleys, and along the shining reaches of those acres that lie between the shadows of the mountains and the vast and level lowlands. Watered by recurrent rain, irrigated by silver furrows, or reclaimed from the wilderness, the wheat fields lift their spears of plenty.

When the wind ruffles the waves of wheat, there seems to be a pervading music that moves in a harmony of sound. For wheat is an ancient grain which has provided food for many people and many nations.

In the valleys of the western mountains, the pioneers turned the sagebrush sod and diverted the living water to their early fields. And the wheat grew tall and beautiful. In those arid places where no streams were found, the dry land wheat flourished as an answer to need and work and prayer. A man looking upon a field of yellow wheat is a picture long treasured by those who know that wheat to many is life and bread and fulfillment. A woman gleaning along the edge of a field, gathering golden wheat heads into her apron, is a view from the past to be remembered as long as children's hands reach for bread, as long as there is hunger in the world.

Of special significance to Relief Society women everywhere is the story of wheat, its gleaning and its saving for a time of need — symbolic of deeds of charity. "The granaries of the Lord must be filled to overflowing," the pioneer women declared, and with the strength of their faith, they gleaned in the fields, their purpose as beautiful as that which motivated Ruth in the olden field of Boaz.

Many women had made their individual gleanings and their storage of the golden grain before President Brigham Young, in 1876, directed the pioneer women, "I want to give you a mission . . . I want you to save the grain." Bins were made, granaries were built, barrels were filled with grain. The women raised wheat, harvested wheat, and stored the grain against a time of hunger. By the autumn of 1877, more than ten thousand bushels had been stored — and that was only the beginning. In the years that followed, much of the wheat was distributed to the poor, and later, during World War I, Relief Society wheat was sold to the United States Government. Funds from the Wheat Trust still provide the precious grain against a day of need.

It is in harmony with a heritage

of thrift and charity that the sheaf of wheat and the golden grain have become a symbol for the sisterhood. Bound sheaves of wheat adorn the granite wall between the upper and the lower windows of the Relief Society Building. A border of wheat surrounds the representation of the members of the first Relief Society on the Centennial plate — 1842-1942. A similar border of great beauty appears upon the plate made in honor of the dedication of the Relief Society Building in 1956 — the lovely plate upon which are etched the photographs of the nine General Presidents of Relief Society. The seal of Relief Society bears the symbol of the wheat.

To all in the sisterhood, the wheat has become prayer and promise — seed and grain — dream and fulfillment — symbol and strength.

For some women the golden grain has a special meaning. A thousand bushels of wheat grew on a western "dry farm" in the first year of tillage in an arid upland. Other crops followed, but some years the fields were moving billows of dust, and only withered stalks murmured in the wind. Then there came a time of ample harvest, when a father and his daughter stood and looked at the golden fields leaning up against the cedared hills, and the father said, "There is your college education." They stood there, misty-eyed and still, before the wonder of it. The wheat became halls of learning, poetry, music, drama, art, science, history, religion. The wheat became praise and rejoicing.

—V.P.C.

Wind-Whispering Wood

Melba S. Payne

We were there in early morning,
In a bleak wind-whispering wood.
With springtime in her prelude,
And so grateful that we could
Stand where Joseph knelt to pray,
And where the Savior stood
On a greener, brighter morning
In that wind-whispering wood.

Hand in hand together,
We said our morning prayer
To ask his care and guidance
While we traveled on from there.
A peaceful moment's magic
Embraced us where we stood,
Refreshed in faith — and humble, too,
In that wind-whispering wood.

"The Precious Words"

May C. Hammond
Assistant Professor of Education, Brigham Young University

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his fame was dust.

He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!
—Emily Dickinson
From *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*
Little, Brown & Company, Publishers
Reprinted by permission

IN today's world of television, radio, and the wealth of modern inventions, we are tempted to ask ourselves if reading, as a form of entertainment and leisure-time enjoyment, has not been completely outmoded. In many places, at the turn of a switch, children are able to find any kind of entertainment that meets their taste or the mood of the moment, and with little or no effort on their part.

The case for reading, however, is not quite as hopeless as it would seem to be. Surveys show that today's children read more than at any time in the past. More children's books are sold and more hours are spent in reading. This may not mean that children read more in the home. The schools are more conscious of the need for reading, and most school libraries are more generously stocked than ever before.

Children need books today perhaps more than at any other period in history. They need *good books* to combat, if possible, the blood and violence, the banal and the vulgar, and the false philosophy of glitter and glamor to which so many of them are exposed for many hours each day.

Why do children read? Children read to lose themselves. A child will lose himself in a book that takes him into far places, to distant corners of his own country, or to faraway places in other lands. A book may take him into the past and make history come alive for him. In fact, books can give children the key to great minds of all ages.

Children read to lose themselves, but they also read to find themselves. Books help them to "try on life for size" — to experience life vicariously with a character within the pages of a book. The child faces with this book character joy or sorrow, or meets with him the daily problems of living. He is savoring life as other people live it. He sees "the wonder of brave human hearts which dare the impossible, fall or suffer only to rise and sing again." He is acquiring meanings and values and is gaining an understanding of himself and of other people. This is important during his growing years. As James Stevens so aptly expresses it, "What the heart knows

today the head will understand tomorrow."

Children's purposes, first of all, are entertainment and enjoyment. Every child should have a chance to choose according to his own special needs and tastes. The parent or teacher who attempts to give guidance should show the greatest respect for the child's judgment. It does no good to press a child into reading a book just because it is good for him. Robert Lawson says that against such practices, a child might stage a sitdown strike or a policy of non-co-operation.

This does not mean that an adult is helpless in the matter of guidance. Children trust the judgment of an adult who has proved himself worthy. Often a brief comment, "This book looks like fun," or "Here is something you might enjoy," will be all that is necessary. Sometimes a brief introduction from one who has read the book is valuable. Librarians can offer good help, and teachers are becoming more and more familiar with good books.

Walter de la Mare, an English poet, tells us that only the very best of anything is good enough for children. When he writes, whether it is poetry or prose, we may be sure that children are getting the very best.

A good book should have an adequate theme and a strong, vigorous plot. The characters should be real flesh and blood individuals who are doers and who achieve their worthy goals. The style should be so absorbing that it will carry the child on to the conclusion with a feeling of satisfaction and delight.

Elizabeth Nesbitt says, "Literature is nonexistent without the twin qualities of beauty of idea and beauty of expression." In many of the fine books for children we find both these "twin qualities."

All children read some books which are of doubtful value, but at the same time, if they are developing a solid foundation of real, worthwhile literature, we have nothing to fear.

Let us help children to find the best. Let us give them books that will make them weep and books that will shake them with laughter — books "that will give them goose flesh and glimpses of glory." Let us give them wisdom and beauty — "the precious words."

Books Recommended for Age Group Ten Years Old to Teen Age

Clark, Ann Nolan: *Little Navajo Bluebird*, Viking Press, New York.
The great love this little Navajo girl has for her home and family and for the old ways of life is beautifully portrayed.

Clark, Ann Nolan: *Santiago*, Viking Press, New York.
Santiago's adventures take the reader into the cities and the forests of Guatemala until he finally finds his place in the sun. The story is told with great beauty of style and is fraught with wisdom.

Coblentz, Catherine Cate: *The Blue Cat of Casteltown*, Longmans, Green, and Company, New York.
The blue cat is like a knight on a quest, the quest of "beauty, peace, and content." This is a beautifully written book for reading aloud.

DeJong, Meindert: *The Wheel on the School*, Harper and Brothers, New York.
On the tiny island of Shora, in Holland, the project of six school children unites the village in an experience of co-operation.

Estes, Eleanor: *The Moffats*, Harcourt, Brace, and Company, New York.
The troubles and the joys of a family tied together by love and affection make the books of the Moffat series very enjoyable reading. There are three books in the series.

Forbes, Esther: *Johnny Tremain*, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.
Through this fine story of a young silversmith apprentice, the author paints a vivid picture of the beginning days of the American Revolution. One of the finest junior novels.

Grahame, Kenneth: *The Wind in the Willows*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
There are beauty and joy, poetry and nonsense combined in this great English masterpiece. Those who love it read it again and again.

Henry, Marguerite: *King of the Wind*, Rand McNally Company, Chicago.
The story of the famous Godalphin — Arabian who sired a line of thoroughbreds from which Man O'War descended.

Krumgold, Joseph: *Onion John*, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.
This story of the age-old conflict between father and son is told with humor and compassion.

Spears, Elizabeth George: *The Witch of Blackbird Pond*, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.
This is the story of a high-spirited girl whose rebellion against bigotry and injustice culminates in a terrifying witch hunt.

Sperry, Armstrong: *Call It Courage*, The Macmillan Company, New York.
This is the story of Mafatu, the boy who was afraid. How he finally proved that he had conquered his fear, makes a satisfactory ending to a fine adventure story.

Street, James: *Goodbye My Lady*, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.
This is a beautiful and moving tale of a dog, a boy, and an old man. It is fiction at its finest and best.

White, E. B.: *Charlotte's Web*, Harper and Brothers, New York.
Only E. B. White could create such delightful nonsense as this story of Wilber (a pig) and his dear friend Charlotte (a spider). Excellent reading for the whole family.

New Choir Member

Ouida Johns Pedersen

The meadow larks announce with fluid note
The day's arrival. Every summer throat
Of bird in tree, or perched on city wire,
Mocks the morning sunrise with the fire
Of singing. Though earthbound here and kinned to silence, I
Tentatively lift my voice . . . and try.

"It Was Easy, My Child"

Mabel Law Atkinson

"GRANNY, how could you leave the comfort and beauty of your home and gardens in England and push a handcart all the way across the plains to build a new home in a desolate valley?" Lynette's youthful face registered incredulity.

"It was easy, my child," Granny answered simply, "for I was as young as you at the time, and I had my John, and we both loved the Lord and desired more than anything else to do his will." Her smile was tender as she continued, "And I had the miracle of life beneath my heart."

"How beautifully you say it, Granny; but surely you got discouraged when the sun beat hot upon your head and your feet were blistered. What did you do then? Or didn't you ever feel discouraged?"

"Yes, my dear. At times there were shadows, but always John and I would work the magic to bring the sunshine again. I remember the time I was so weary that I felt I could not take another step, when John placed me on the cart and pulled us both. Soon my heart was singing, and I was refreshed and insisted that I get down, and I was able to go on."

"And Grandpa, Granny? What did you do when he got discouraged and tired? Surely you couldn't carry him?"

"No, Lynette, I couldn't, but I could lift his burden by smiling through my tears and speaking the words of love and praise and appreciation I felt in my heart and which he loved to hear, the words so dear to one who loves deeply. A tender kiss on his thin cheek and a caress and the words, 'I know, John . . . I know . . .' and the smile would return to his parched lips, his step would quicken and he would say, 'It's all right, Jeanie, I can make it.' "

"But what if both of you got discouraged at the same time? Did that ever happen?"

"Yes, many times. And when it did, we looked around to see someone whose burdens were greater than ours and helped bear his load. I remember the gratitude of the young girl-mother whom we cheered in every little way we could when she lost her baby. As we thought of her little one buried beside the trail, we felt we were blessed indeed and rich. When Aunt Martha, as we called her, became too ill to walk and her husband was too old and tired to pull her added weight in his cart, John and I put her in ours and we found our burden was lifted, and found ourselves singing as we went on our journey."

"But, Granny," Lynette's voice was reverent and almost a whisper, "Grandpa died on the long trek. Surely, you faltered then, going on alone?"

Granny's voice was low and gentle but serenely sure as she answered, "I kept on doing as John and I had done together. Often as I wiped the dust and tears from children's faces, I thought of my own little one to be born in God's valley from which we would never be driven." She paused a moment then went on softly, "And I did not go on alone, my dear. You see the spirit of the Lord was with me all the way."

A Very Special Place

Betty Lou Martin

THE car moved up the wide stretch of road and then, turning off the main thoroughfare, headed upward, steadily rising above the city. The mountains appeared large and luminous, and the homes were outlined in the distance, making a colorful patchwork-quilt effect.

Donna Arnold breathed a sigh. "Oh, Chris, it is truly beautiful up here. In fact, I believe that this is the most beautiful city in the world."

Chris Arnold smiled at his wife. "I agree that it is beautiful, Donna, but I think you are unusually fond of it because it is going to be your new home."

"No, dear, I've always been enchanted by it, even as a child when I used to come here to visit. It has such wide and beautiful streets and such a clean appearance, as if it had just been freshly scrubbed."

"We should be coming to the house that the real estate agency told us about. Sam Cooper said it should be just what we're looking for," Chris commented, as he maneuvered the car expertly up the hill.

"I am truly excited about moving here, although I will miss our friends and relatives at home. Just think, dear, a brand new home, in a beautiful city, and you with a promotion in your job. Isn't it wonderful?" Donna could not hide her enthusiasm.

"Yes, we are very fortunate. I will be glad to get things settled here quickly so we can bring the children."

"I just couldn't see taking them out of school until we were more settled. We'll probably have quite a time trying to unspoil them after they have been with your folks," Donna added smiling.

Chris grinned. "I know, dear, but with your folks living here in the city now, it will be interesting to see just whose folks do the best job of spoiling them."

"I guess that grandparents feel that it is their privilege to spoil them. I don't know, though. It is plenty hard on the parents."

"I think this is the house." Chris motioned to his wife.

He stopped in front of a rambling, red-brick house. Donna was the first one out of the car, and Chris tried to keep up with her as she hurried up the walk.

"Oh, Chris, it is even more beautiful than Mr. Cooper described it to us. Hurry, dear, I can't wait to see it."

Donna stood on the porch waiting for her husband to unlock the door. When they entered the house, they were both awed by its spaciousness and the good taste shown in its decorating.

"I can't imagine anyone ever wanting to sell this house, Chris. Whoever lived here before certainly took good care of it," Donna said as they went from room to room investigating each segment of the house.

The rumpus room boasted a door leading directly to the patio which faced the west overlooking the entire valley.

EVENING was just falling over the city. Here and there in the distance a light flickered on. A gentle breeze stirred Donna's blonde hair, and the fresh air brought out the color in her cheeks. Her blue eyes twinkled happily as she took hold of Chris' hand and gently squeezed it. He looked down at his wife knowingly. There wasn't any need to speak. As they stood there on the patio with the valley stretching before them, they both knew that this was the home they had dreamed of and planned for ever since they had been married.

Donna was filled with plans and dreams for their future, and she chattered constantly about them on their ride back to the city. Chris listened, amused at his wife, but he, too, had to admit that he was just as happy as Donna.

"I am sure that we will be able to swing it with my new promotion, without living beyond our means," Chris told Donna. "I'll talk to Sam Cooper, and tell him to hold the house for us. All right?"

"All right," Donna nodded, and she could just visualize their three children, Mike nine, Cathy six, and Judy two, romping happily on the patio while she and Chris sat back contentedly watching them.

The contract was drawn up for the house, and Chris and Donna planned to leave the next day to bring their children and belongings to their new home.

That evening, while Donna was discussing her plans for decorating the house with her mother, the telephone rang. Her father answered and then beckoned to Chris. He talked for a few minutes in a low voice and then appeared in the doorway. His shoulders seemed somewhat bent, and his usually pleasant face was grave. He looked older and more tired than Donna could ever remember.

"That was Mom on the phone. . ." Chris began to speak.

Donna gasped. "The children, they're all right. . . ?"

"Yes, they're fine," Chris comforted his wife, "but it's Dad; he's had a heart attack. I think that we had better leave for home tonight."

"Yes, of course; oh, poor Dad," Donna said anxiously. "Do they give him any hope?"

"Yes." Chris' voice shook with emotion. "But the Doctor said he must be very, very careful and get his rest. He will be a long time recuperating, and we will have to be very patient with him. He's been so active all of his life." Chris frowned, trying not to show his fear.

A sleepy little town greeted Donna and Chris as they pulled into Rosetown in the early morning hours. They went directly to the hospital and found Chris' mother by the bedside of her husband.

Chris led his mother outside of his father's room. "Mom, you look worn out. Let Donna take you home. There isn't anything that you can do here right now. You'll need all the rest you can get."

"I know it, but I hate to leave. He's been so sick, but he does seem a little better now." Mrs. Arnold spoke with effort.

"I'll stay here, and if there is any change, I'll call you." Chris' heart ached as he watched the weary figure walk slowly down the hallway, leaning slightly on Donna for support as she walked.

In the days that ensued it was touch and go for Chris' father, but, finally, the doctor informed them that the worst was over, and Chris' father had sucessfully passed the crisis.

Once again Chris and Donna began to go ahead with their plans for moving. Chris was due in the city in a week, and they had a great deal of business to attend to before they could leave Rosetown.

It was on one of his frequent visits to his parents' home that Chris noticed how his mother had been cutting down on little necessities; first it had been little items of food for herself, then trying to save on electricity.

Chris pulled his Mother to one side and looked her sternly in the eyes. "Mom, you and Dad are managing all right financially, aren't you?" he asked bluntly.

Mrs. Arnold could not meet her son's gaze as she spoke. "Of course, we are. You know that I naturally have to be more cautious, and now that your father won't be working for some time, I think that I should take precautions now."

Chris thought back over the years that his folks had helped him and Donna get on their feet. There had been Donna's unexpected illness that had taken all of their savings. Then there was the time that they had wanted a vacation trip and couldn't afford it themselves, items for the children, and countless other times, much too numerous to mention. He and Donna had never asked for money, but his folks had always seemed to sense their need. They could never begin to pay back all that they owed his folks. Somehow, with the years, the amount had grown out of hand. When he had refused their help, they always appeared to be hurt and had said, "You are our only child, Chris. If we can't have the pleasure of helping you and your family out a little, what good are we?"

CHRIS thought it over carefully that night on his drive back to Donna and the children. Consequently, the rest of the evening was marred by the thoughts of his folks and the countless things they had given up for his comfort and his family's comfort.

Donna broke the silence that had been plaguing Chris. "I know there is something wrong, Chris. Ever since you have come back, you have hardly spoken a word. What is it, dear? Dad is all right, isn't he?"

Chris explained to Donna the thoughts that were going through his mind. After he had finished talking, Donna was silent. She put the children to bed, and then joined Chris in the living room.

"I've been thinking about your folks, Chris." Donna stood before her husband, solemn and intent. "It is our duty and responsibility as their family to help them out."

Chris looked up startled. "Donna, I want to very much, but you have your heart set on the new house. We just can't swing the house and help out Mom and Dad, too."

Donna sat down on the couch beside Chris. "Chris, if you had had the heart attack and your folks were planning to buy a new house, just what do you think their choice would be? I'll tell you, dear, there just wouldn't be a choice. They would, as they have always done, devote themselves to helping us. I

think that we should do the same thing. Here's our chance to do as we've been taught, and to show them how much we love them."

"Then you won't mind giving up the house?" Chris felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

"Of course, I would have loved the house, but we'll just have to look for something smaller in a cheaper neighborhood. In the meantime, we'll stay with my folks until we can find something suitable."

Chris and Donna found a smaller house in the city nearer to Chris' work, and Donna worked diligently to get it in order. She planned the colors for each of the rooms with loving care, and the smell of fresh paint and clean curtains was apparent throughout the house.

They never again mentioned the house that they had planned to buy somewhere up on the mountainside. They were too happy and contented in the knowledge that they were being a son and daughter to Chris' mother and father. Maybe sometime in the distant future they might buy a house up on the mountainside, but they had grown very fond of their cozy little bungalow that was situated in the heart of the city, and it held a very special place in their hearts. They knew they would never exchange the joy of serving loved ones for a house of brick and stone.

Byways

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I like the narrow winding lanes
That somehow missed our modern gains.
They twist through trees and quiet-hilled
Come out where May sunflowers gild
The slopes with petaled gold, knee-deep.
I like to watch the placid sheep
Whose time-free herder sits and thinks,
His tall room carpeted in pinks.
Where a pheasant cock's bright hues recall
A rainbow in a waterfall.
I hope that always there will be
This path back to serenity.

Sheets Masquerade Well

Shirley Thulin

IF you are looking for a smart and inexpensive way to decorate your home, consider the charm and versatility of using colored sheets.

This may be a new idea to you, but not to interior decorators. For a long time they have been using the untold talents of sheets for creating handsome decorative effects.

Open a double bed size sheet before you, view the enormous expanse of seamless fabric. You soon realize the time and work saved in making draperies. There is no piecing, not a seam, and the sides and bottom need no hemming.

All you do is tear the sheet lengthwise, and you have a generous pair of draperies for almost any regular-size window. The wide hem can be utilized for a heading, with simple gathers. Professional pinch pleats can be made by using ready-made self-pleater which retains its stiffness after laundering. This pleater can be bought by the yard at most drapery departments.

Be sure to allow for shrinkage in length in all your measurements. If you use your pinking shears, it will save endless hours of sewing, especially for hems. You merely pink the edges, turn them up to the desired length, and stitch. No turnovers are necessary on sheets.

An endless variety of decorative effects can be created by combining other materials with colored sheets. Make matching curtains and bedspreads by using self-ruffles or white eyelet embroidery ruffling on sheets. Use wide bands of contrasting rickrack, several rows of colored bias tape, appliques cut from chintz or, for dramatic contrast, use five-inch bands of any patterned trimming.

In a double-bed size colored sheet, which costs approximately three to five dollars, you get around seven square yards of thirty-six-inch good quality washable material. With three double-bed size sheets, you can completely decorate a bedroom. This includes enough material to make a flounced spread for a single bed, a pillow sham, a pair of window drapes, tiebacks, and valance, and a full skirt for a vanity table.

A Time to Dream

Maude O. Cook

The shimmering heat waves rise and fall
  Above the ripening grain;
The drowsy drone of bees is heard
  Around the dusty plain.

The idle breeze is whispering,
  With tones that lull to rest,
As a mother soothes her little babe
  To sleep upon her breast.

Is there a better time to dream,
  With nature all in tune —
As fleecy clouds go drifting by
  On a lazy afternoon?

Esther Chloe Settle Makes Toys for Relief Society Bazaars

ESTHER Chloe Settle, Houston, Texas, is a specialist in making dolls and toy animals. She designs her own patterns for making the dolls and their clothes. The bodies are made of strong Indian head or ticking material, and the eyes and mouths are made of felt and attached to the faces with embroidery stitching. A good quality cotton batting is used for the stuffing, which is so neatly and carefully done that the dolls and toys are very natural looking. Sister Settle has made hundreds of dolls and toys and has donated many of them for sale in Relief Society bazaars.

Esther Chloe Settle joined the Church twenty-five years ago, and was a member of Relief Society before joining the Church. She served as a branch counselor for many years while she was living in Arkansas. Sister Settle's daughter Joyce painted the tigers in the pictures above in the background, and also painted the lovely landscape of the Texas Bluebonnets which was a gift to the Relief Society Building in Salt Lake City.

Well known and well loved by the Relief Society sisters of her community and by her many friends and neighbors, Sister Settle has found that her hobby has been useful and has brought much joy to many people, including the children who have been recipients of these unusually sturdy and attractive toys.

Fair Moon

Catherine Bowles

Fair moon, shine on loved ones tonight,
Bring love, peace to their tired hearts;
Blessed faith to their weary souls.
Give them courage to do the right,
Let thy brightness shine from afar
On my children wherever they are.

Paul's Photo

UPPER KILLARNEY LAKE, COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND

Afterglow

Nancy M. Armstrong

THE colorful pink afterglow sparkled like frosted jewels on the snowy east mountains, left there by the last rays of the setting sun.

Many experiences in life leave just such a rich, warm afterglow: the happiness of friendship, the bliss of achievement long striven for, a favorite book many times reread, the memory of one much loved though long departed, days amid the awesome beauty of God's creations, moments of real understanding shared with one's husband.

The deep enduring values of life — love of home — love of family — love of friends — love of God — cast a roseate afterglow that permeates the whole of living.

A Lesson in Love

Patricia Ann Middleton

THERE are times when I cannot help recalling the line of an amusing old song, "Life gets *teejous*, don't it?" Sometimes it can. And it was on a cloudy summer day that I particularly thought so.

After missing a bus from town back to campus, causing me to miss a class, I stood and waited for fifteen minutes at the bus stop, grumbling from beneath my load of books and packages, squinting against the bright haze, and wishing impatiently that the weather would make up its mind. Finally, the bus screeched to a stop and I got on, thinking how life was filled with so many little frustrations. One of the side seats at the front of the bus was vacant, so I plopped down on the sticky leather, feeling equally hot and sticky. Sitting across from me was a sweet-faced lady with graying hair, whose sparkling smile took me completely by surprise.

A sober-faced matron boarded the bus at the next corner and sat down beside the smiling woman. The little lady leaned forward and placed a gentle hand on her knee.

"How are you, today?" she beamed. The woman jerked her head around to face her, with a surprised look. With a "Do-I-know-you?" question on her face, she returned the greeting with some uncertainty, "Fine, thank you." The little lady's face brightened even more, and she settled back in her seat.

"Isn't this a lovely day?" she said.

I folded my raincoat across my knees, wondering what our Pollyanna would think to say next. And I noticed a couple of amused listeners turn heads in her direction. But while the lady talked to fellow passengers in her pleasant, vibrant voice, a few sober expressions were soon replaced by friendly smiles. Suddenly, it became a lovely day!

The matron got off at the next stop and another got on and took the empty seat beside the cheerful lady.

"Hello," came the pleasant greeting once more. "Isn't this a lovely day?" This time, our sprightly spreader of good will was answered with a grateful, "Oh, yes. I suppose we could use a shower. But I think it's beginning to clear up, now."

The front seat passengers did not leave the bus without a warm smile from the little lady, and they, in turn, nodded a pleasant goodbye.

I, too, felt compelled to smile at her when I got off the bus, and I fell in step with a woman with a heavy load of groceries. Her brows were knitted, her face was strained, and she was staring fixedly over the top of her grocery sacks. I shifted my books and packages to one arm. She was puffing under her load, and I felt a surge of good will.

"Here, let me take one of those to the corner for you," I said, relieving her of the largest bag before she could answer. She looked at me with wide eyes.

"Why, thank you very much! I didn't think I'd make it! You see

. . . I have a heart condition . . . it makes me so short-winded. But I had to get to the store before lunch . . . no one home but me . . . my husband is out of town this week."

I walked two blocks out of my way, and set the grocery bag down just inside her door. She thanked me profusely.

I took stock of myself as I walked home. Why the sudden change? Earlier that day I had felt that everything had gone wrong. I felt small and alone, wishing that someone would come along and pat me on the back, and say, "Pat, you're pretty great!" But the little lady, in her kindly way, had said more. Somewhere in the back of my head, a thought escaped into my consciousness. It did not enter quietly, as most thoughts do, but settled with a loud crash, and banged the door loudly on my mood: *If you devote your time and efforts to making people happy, it will rub off onto you.* Where had it come from? Surely, I had heard or read it somewhere. If I, too, could spend part of each day making others feel glad that I had crossed their path; if I could devote my time to unselfish giving, there would be no time left to worry about receiving! For, if I could live this principle of love, it would give me that big slice of satisfaction I needed every day.

I was on my own street now; home was two blocks away. Crossing our street, I bounded across the little patch of lawn between the curb and the sidewalk, missing the walkway. I passed the old man who lived next door, bent over his sparse bed of flowers, digging in the dirt with his spade. And I was about to turn up the walk to our apartment, when a sharp voice assailed me from behind.

"Young lady! Those aren't the sands of time you just sank your feet into!"

My heart began to pound a little, as the angry voice continued to lecture. "I've worked all afternoon on that little patch of ground, trying to restore the grass that's been trampled. That was newly seeded lawn you just walked on!" The look he shot me gave me to understand that I was not only a young whippersnapper who did not respect the rights of others, but a foolish co-ed to boot. I managed a repentant smile.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't know it belonged to you."

"Well, it doesn't," he softened a little. "It belongs to the city, but I like to keep things growing," taking in, with a sweep of his arm, his flower beds, the well-kept lawn, and neatly pruned shrubs.

"I'm really sorry," I said, smiling. "And I won't be so thoughtless again." Strolling over to his flowers I began commenting on his hard work. He grinned and continued to scoop dirt around his plants. He gave me a friendly nod as I turned to go. It must have been contagious, for I said, without thinking, "Isn't it a lovely day?"

Things

Elsie C. Carroll

I opened the little box of keepsakes. As I picked up the lace collar my mother's *living* fingers had made from finest thread, and traced the lovely rosebud pattern and exquisite edge, the impact of the poet's words brought blinding tears:

Things have a terrible permanence
When people die.
—Aline Kilmer, from "Things."

It did seem terrible that the lace was here. My mother was gone, and in my heart was an aching void. But to look at and touch the beautiful thing she had made for me, seemed to bring her very close. I could see her dear form in the old rocking chair, her face wrinkled by the cares and burdens of many years, but strong and calm and sweet because of sacrifice and service and love — of life lived at its best.

And gradually what had seemed the *terrible permanence* of that piece of lace, became a blessed link to keep me close to her. Its permanence was but assurance of a far transcending permanence of the mind that held the lacy pattern while the fingers wrought it from the thread; of the love that prompted her to make it just for me.

There is no terror in the *eternal permanence* of creativeness and love of mind and spirit.

As I placed the precious keepsake back and closed the box, lines from another poet came to me:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness. . . .
—John Keats, from "Endymion."

PAVLOVA CAKE

Frances A. Katene

3 egg whites
1 tsp. vinegar
1 tsp. vanilla
¾ c. sugar

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add vinegar and vanilla and mix well. Do not beat further. Add sugar and gently fold into mixture with a knife or rubber plate scraper.

Prepare a flat oven tray by placing on it two sheets of wax paper previously moistened under a cold tap. Have the paper well moistened but not too wet. Pile meringue mixture onto tray in resemblance of shape of plate to be used for serving. Do not flatten mixture to size, as it flattens out in the baking. Bake in a slow oven 250-300°F for 1-1½ hours.

To serve: Turn cake upside down onto plate and peel off paper. About one hour before serving time spread thickly with whipped cream sweetened to taste. If desired, decorate with strawberries and raspberries. Other suggestions: peaches, pineapple, bananas, chopped nuts, tiny chocolate decorettes.

Uncreamed pavlovas may be kept a week or so provided they are *not* enclosed in a container of any kind.

Recipes for a Picnic

Winnifred Jardine

THOSE who believe strongly in happy family life, enjoy picnics more than anyone! For a picnic always promises a good time. The prepared food is tucked safely in hampers and baskets, giving Mom a chance to relax, the family is tucked safely in the car, all going the same direction at the same time (not easily accomplished), hearts are carefree in the exhilarating out-of-doors.

In fact, if the food is free of hard work, then the family will feel like a picnic often. Have it in the mountains, on the lake shore, in the woods, by the sand dunes, in your own back yard, or even on the tailgate of the station wagon, but do have picnics often!

Our menu for a palatable picnic is built around the tastiest fried chicken ever made — crispy and golden brown and piqued with the good flavor of Parmesan cheese. To go with it is a macaroni salad that is lifted out of the ordinary by a flavorful dressing of one's own making.

Raw vegetable relishes are a tasty way to good nourishment, and we suggest cutting carrots, celery, cucumbers, green peppers, and tender zucchini squash into crisp sticks and serving them with a favorite cheese or sour cream dip. Along with them, serve tiny cherry tomatoes that have been scooped out and stuffed with a seasoned cream cheese.

For dessert how about fresh fruit — apples, plums, peaches, grapes, bananas — washed and chilled and piled high in a basket or bucket? Serve along with the fruit, old-fashioned date-filled cookies made an easy new-fashioned way.

Pink lemonade, mixed quickly from frozen concentrate, is an easy beverage, and chocolate mints add a final taste treat.

OLD-FASHIONED PICNIC

Parmesan Fried Chicken

Best Macaroni Salad — Vegetable Sticks, Dip
Ripe Olives — Stuffed Cherry Tomatoes
Assorted Breads, Butter — Fresh Fruit
Easy Filled Cookies — Chocolate Mints
Pink Lemonade

Parmesan Fried Chicken

1 3-lb. fryer, cut up
¼ c. flour
1 tsp. paprika
¾ tsp. salt
dash pepper
1 egg, beaten
2 tbsp. water
¾ c. fine dry bread crumbs
¾ c. grated Parmesan cheese
½ c. butter or margarine
shortening

Combine flour, paprika, salt, and pepper in paper sack. Drop washed and dried pieces of chicken into flour and coat thoroughly, then dip chicken pieces into water and egg that have been beaten together; roll in combined bread crumbs and cheese. If there's time, let dry on cake rack for 30 minutes. In hot butter (to which extra shortening may be added, if needed) saute chicken, uncovered, until golden on all sides, using tongs to turn. Lower heat; cook, uncovered, turning occasionally, for 30 to 45 minutes, or until tender and brown. Drain thoroughly and chill until time to serve. Makes 4 servings.

Best Macaroni Salad

4 c. cooked small elbow macaroni (2 c. or ½ lb., uncooked)
¼ c. French dressing
1½ c. diced celery
½ c. green onions and tops, chopped
¼ c. chopped pimiento
⅓ c. chopped sweet gherkin pickle
1 c. tiny cubes cheddar cheese
½ to ⅔ c. modified mayonnaise (see below)
salt and pepper to taste
crisp salad greens

Cook macaroni according to package directions, stirring frequently with fork to keep pieces separated. Drain, rinse with warm water, drain thoroughly. Stir in French dressing and chill. Add celery, green onion, pimiento, pickle, cheese, and stir in mayonnaise. Season to taste. Hard-cooked eggs or chilled cooked peas may be added, if desired. Spoon into salad bowl lined with crisp salad greens, sprinkle with paprika, and cover with foil or plastic paper until time to serve. Makes 6 servings.

Modified Mayonnaise

1 egg
2 tbsp. sugar
1½ tsp. salt
2 tsp. prepared mustard
⅛ tsp. paprika
¼ c. vinegar
¾ c. salad oil
1 c. water
¼ c. cornstarch

Put egg, sugar, seasonings, vinegar, and salad oil in mixing bowl, but do not stir. Make a paste by mixing cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up. Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with egg beater until well blended. Cool before serving. Excellent for potato salad and slaw, as well as macaroni salad. Makes 1 pint.

Cheese Dip for Vegetable Sticks

2 c. creamed cottage cheese
1½ tsp. onion juice
¾ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. paprika
½ to ⅔ c. light cream

To cottage cheese add onion juice, Worcestershire sauce, and paprika. Blend well with beater or blender. Thin with cream to desired consistency. Add salt to taste. Makes about 2½ cups. Serve with crisp raw vegetable sticks.

Easy Filled Cookies

date filling (see below)
1 c. soft shortening
2 c. brown sugar (packed)
3 eggs
½ c. water
1 tsp. vanilla
3½ c. sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
⅛ tsp. cinnamon

Mix thoroughly shortening, brown sugar, and eggs. Stir in water and vanilla. Sift together and stir in flour, salt, soda, and cinnamon. Drop 1 tsp. of dough onto ungreased baking sheet. Place ½ tsp. date filling on top of dough, then cover with another ½ tsp. dough. Keep cookies at least 2 inches apart to allow for spreading. Bake at 375° for 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes 5 to 6 dozen cookies.

Date Filling: In a saucepan combine 2 c. chopped dates (½ lb. pitted), ¾ c. sugar, and ¾ c. water. Cook together slowly, stirring constantly until thickened. Add ½ c. chopped nuts, if desired.

Love Is Enough

Chapter 7

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, a schoolteacher from Denver, Colorado, takes a position at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who works for the forest service. These friends are quite different from Ernest Wood, Geniel's friend who owns a shoe store in Denver. Geniel and her fellow schoolteachers plan a bazaar for raising funds for the school library, but their plans are shattered when the flu breaks out and the school is closed down.

"WHAT is so rare as a day in February — when it's a holiday?" chirped Marva, as she came to the breakfast table on the morning of the 22nd.

"A holiday in any other month," replied Christine. "You, as a schoolteacher, should know by now that some men are born great, some men achieve greatness, and others are born in February."

"Yes, but we don't get holidays for any but the Father of our Country. I, for one, am going to celebrate by washing my hair and sitting by the fire with a good book. How about you, Geniel?"

"Your program sounds marvelous, but it isn't for me. I've a committee meeting this morning, and this afternoon I have half a dozen letters to write and I should turn up the hems on a couple of dresses. With a little bit of luck and some fast action, I may be able to join you at the fireside about 8:30 P.M."

"Slave!" shrugged Marva. "Not even Lincoln could have liberated you."

Geniel was just leaving for the committee meeting when Johnny showed up at the front door. "How about some skiing this afternoon?" he asked. "It will be great with the sun shining on the snow."

"Well," she hesitated, "I'm not very good at it, and I had some work planned. Lots of it, in fact."

"You don't have to be good — at skiing. There are bunny slopes for the novices, and work will always wait. You just might not have me around much longer to put light and diversion into your life. You'd better take advantage of your opportunities while you can."

"What do you mean?" she asked, interest sparking her face. "Are you getting your money? I mean, are things working out so that you can go away to school now?"

"It looks as if a settlement might come soon. Don't you think we ought to get out and celebrate?"

"I do, indeed," she agreed vigorously. "What are hems and letters compared to a celebration? Especially a celebration on skis. Have you made any definite plans where you will go to school? I can recommend Colorado, in case you're undecided. The skiing is real good, too."

"And the girls are real pretty," he added admiringly. "Are you going to be there next year? I'll have to decide soon. I may even be able to get in for the spring quarter. How

about three this afternoon for the ski slopes?"

"Three will be fine," she nodded. "I'll try to wind up a couple of my chores by then."

She left the house for her committee appointment, walking lightly over the packed snow. She was so glad for Johnny! He was such a grand lad. He'd go a long way in his chosen field, and the field was wide open for engineering these days — or so she had heard.

Geniel hesitated at the corner as to which route she should take, since there was a choice, and turned left on a sidewalk that was more open than the other. Later, she was thankful that she turned her footsteps in the direction of the Blayney mansion. She was just a few feet away from the front walk when the Duchess herself came out of the door. A moment later she had slipped on the steps and fallen in a crumpled heap.

Geniel rushed forward. "Are you hurt?" she asked anxiously, trying to help the prostrate woman to her feet.

Miss Blayney gave a gasp of pain and fell back again. "Yes, I am. You'll have to get some help."

GENIEL looked around. There wasn't a soul in sight. She went in the house, grabbed a blanket, and threw it over Miss Blayney. Then she ran next door for help. Fortunately, the owner of the house was home. He came with a young son and between them they carried the injured woman into her house. Geniel picked up the phone at once and called a doctor. It was some time before he arrived, but Miss Blayney kept up a stoical silence, although it was easy to see she was in a great deal of pain.

After he had made his examination the doctor said cheerfully, "Well, young lady, you're in luck this time. There are no bones broken. Just some badly wrenched muscles and bruises. You'll know where you lit, all right, for a few days. Do you have someone you can call to come in and look after you?"

"Oh, I daresay there are any number of people I might call," she answered. "We could try Mrs. Stewart. She sometimes does some cleaning for me."

"Fine. I'll call her myself. And you can stay until she gets here, I hope?" he said to Geniel.

"Yes, of course. I was due at a meeting, but I'll give them a call. They can get along all right without me."

"Good. I'll send Mrs. Stewart over — or someone else, if she can't come. And I'll drop in again tonight. All you have to do now is take it easy until you straighten out again. It's high time you did."

When he had left, Miss Blayney sighed and said, "It's hard to grow old. Especially when one has been as active as I have. I guess I kind of thought I could cheat old age by trying to keep up my same pace, but there's no need to try and fool myself."

"Growing old is one of the facts of life that we all have to accept," said Geniel. "But, I must say that you have done it very gracefully. And that, after all, is the important thing."

"It's hard to let go of activities that have meant so much to me during a lifetime." Miss Blayney

closed her eyes for a moment and then went on, "I have a sister in California who has been urging me to come down there and live with her. I suppose that I ought to go now before I take another fall and really break some bones."

"You have no one here at all? No close relatives, I mean?"

"No one. The Blayneys were a small family, and they have all left. My own people lived in Kansas. But most of my life has been here. I have really loved this town and this house."

Geniel looked around at the large, handsome room. The house had been solidly built and would doubtless last another hundred years. "What would you do with it if you moved away?" she asked.

"That's part of my problem. No one realizes what this place means to me. I couldn't sell it, even if I wanted to do so. It would be too big for almost anyone to keep up. I have thought some of turning it over to the town for a cultural center."

Bells began ringing in Geniel's head. She mustn't seem too anxious — or too pleased. She remembered that the bazaar might have been a success if the idea had come first from Miss Blayney.

Carefully she chose her words. "Then I suppose you would include a reading room. Maybe there would be a place to house my poor, homeless books." She smiled as if it were merely a childish suggestion.

"Yes, of course," was the quick reply. "In fact, the whole lower floor might be used for a library."

"The Blayney Library," said Geniel quietly. "It sounds fine."

"Or maybe The Blayney Memorial Library. That is a bit more euphonious. Of course, I have a good many books of my own. It would make a good start."

GENIEL said nothing more. She was afraid that the elderly woman had already talked more than her strength allowed. She wondered, also, if the pain-easing shot the doctor had given was causing her to think less clearly. She certainly hoped that the conversation would be clear in Miss Blayney's mind on future days.

Mrs. Stewart arrived just before noon, and Geniel hurried back home again.

She arrived just as the others were sitting down to lunch.

"That must have been quite a lengthy meeting," said Christine.

"And a strange one," replied Geniel. "I spent the morning with my friend Miss Blayney — and I do mean my friend."

"The plot thickens," remarked Marva, raising her eyebrows. "Let's hope it doesn't curdle. Do tell us about it."

"With the greatest of pleasure. Just as I reached her premises she came out of the front door and slipped on the steps. The neighbors and I carried her into the house and called a doctor. Later, she told me that she might move to California and turn the house over to the town for a cultural center."

"Including — let me be the first to guess — a library!" exclaimed Marva.

"Right. The Blayney Memorial Library. And it was her own idea — almost. I used just a bit of mental telepathy and auto-suggestion, or what have you."

"It sounds wonderful!" exclaimed Christine.

"She has just a few bruises and wrenched muscles, no breaks, fortunately. If there had been, the doctor would have whisked her off to a hospital, and I wouldn't have had a chance to talk with her. Of course, as it is, one or the other of us may have been dreaming. We'll have to see what we can do to get it down in black and white and all legal."

"After all, it's perfectly logical," agreed Marva. "She couldn't do much else with the house. And think of having the Blayney Memorial Library for all future generations to enjoy. Mr. Franklin is a lawyer. We must get him to make a friendly call as soon as possible."

When Johnny arrived with skis early in the afternoon, Geniel met him wreathed in smiles. "This is going to be a double celebration," she beamed. "Just wait until you hear my good news."

The sun shone brightly on the stretches of snow that covered the countryside, free from any smoke or grime. "I'll have wings today," she said. "Skis are just a secondary addition."

"Good." He nodded as if in great relief. "Then I won't have to worry about any possible spills. You can even take the high runs."

"Perhaps. We'll have to try out my wings first and see just how good they are. What little skiing I have done was back in my college days. Ernest doesn't go in for sports much."

The name had slipped out. She hadn't really intended to bring him into the conversation.

Johnny was thoughtful for a moment. "That's your boy friend back home, isn't it?" he said.

She nodded.

"Are you going to marry him?"

"We aren't engaged," she answered quickly.

"That's good."

She didn't ask him what was so good about it. That might be pursuing the matter much too far.

WHEN they reached the hills they found mostly youngsters on the slopes. He fastened on her skis, and they climbed up to a starting place.

"It's too bad we don't have a ski lift," he said. "If we find that your wings are strong enough we can hop over to Sun Valley some day."

"It sounds wonderful," she replied enthusiastically. "Maybe if I worked real hard I could manage before the end of the season."

They started down, and she made it without undue trouble. It was great fun to be rushing down the glistening hill, even if it was on one of the so-called bunny slopes. It was always fun to be with Johnny, she reflected. There was never a dull moment, to use a very satisfactory cliche.

"That was pretty good," he commented approvingly. "This next trip we go up a bit farther."

She was really pleased to discover that she could do so well, after the little amount she had actually skied —and that some time ago. Even when Johnny suggested that she quit before she had incapacitated herself, she insisted upon taking one more run. The sun had disappeared in a red mantle before she finally gave up.

"You'll pay for this tomorrow, my

girl," warned Johnny sternly. "And don't come yelling to me for ointment. I told you to quit six runs back."

"I know. And if I can't wiggle a single muscle tomorrow, it will still have been worthwhile. Maybe we can come out again next Saturday."

Johnny was helping her off with the skis when they noticed a lone little figure coming down the slope. "Hey, Sonny," Johnny called, "how come you're here all alone? Didn't you come with anyone else?"

The lad nodded. "Yes, my brother. But he wanted to go home a while back and I didn't. So he left me."

"I had that same trouble," remarked Johnny. "Only in this case I had the transportation, so I was safe. Hop in and we'll take you home. It will be mighty cold here in a few minutes."

The boy climbed in without further urging.

"What's your name and where do you live?" Johnny asked.

"Pete Edmunds. You turn north on the second road down."

They turned off on a narrow road and drove a couple of miles before they came to the farmhouse.

"It would have been dark before you got home," said Johnny, "and I'll bet you have a cow to milk."

"Yep. Three of them," replied the boy casually.

"You just *thought* this was a holiday."

"It was."

"Hm. I'll bet the cows don't know that." Johnny made the statement as if it might have been debatable. "That's the worst of being a farmer, the work goes on every day of the week, regardless. Are you going to be a farmer when you grow up?"

"Naw." This was clearly not in the least debatable. "I'm going to be an airplane pilot. I've got six planes built now. You want to see them?"

"Sure," answered Johnny, as if he had been waiting months for just this opportunity.

"But it must be nearly dinner time," Geniel protested mildly.

"That's all right. If they have a phone, you can give Mrs. Willett a call and she'll warm up the beans again for you when you get home. It isn't every day we get a chance to see six airplanes."

Mrs. Edmunds was very much surprised and, for a moment, apparently not too overjoyed to have unexpected company. However, she made them welcome and tried to hustle Pete out with his milking pail.

"But I have to show them my planes. That's what they came in for," he argued.

"You're already late," she reminded him. "You'd better get to your chores or you may not have a chance to go skiing again in a hurry. Your Dad was just about ready to go after you. They'll wait to see your planes."

GENIEL was trying to figure out how long it would take to milk three cows, and when they might reasonably hope to be on their way again, when Mrs. Edmunds said, "You'll stay to supper, of course. It's so seldom we have anyone out here in the wintertime."

"But, I'm really not very presentable in these ski togs," Geniel protested rather weakly.

"Oh, dear! As if that mattered! You look just beautiful to me. I'll set on the extra places while they are finishing the chores, and whip up a pudding."

"Very well," agreed Geniel. "Only I'm afraid we are putting you to a lot of trouble."

"Not at all. A couple extra doesn't mean a thing on a farm, as far as work goes."

They talked for the next half hour while Mrs. Edmunds bustled back and forth from her kitchen coal range to the big table on the other side of the room. By the time the boys and Mr. Edmunds came in from the barn, Geniel was so hungry that almost anything in the guise of food would have tasted wonderful. As it was, the corned venison, mashed potatoes, home-canned corn, and string beans made a real banquet.

Afterwards, she insisted upon helping to clear the table while Johnny looked over Pete's planes.

"Your boy tells us he is going to be a pilot," she remarked. "That's quite a far cry from a farm."

"Yes," replied the mother. "He's been crazy about planes ever since he could talk. He claims he can tell which make of plane is up in the air when one flies over. Well, it's all right with me, if he still feels that way when he grows up. And I guess he will. I wouldn't ever urge any of my children to stay on a farm. It's too hard work for what you get out of it."

"And yet there are many who wouldn't think of living any other way," observed Geniel. "Jeff Burrows, for instance."

"Yes, that's right," she agreed. "Well, it's everybody to his own notion. Lots of men like it. I don't know as there are many women who do."

By the time the planes had been duly admired and discussed, Geniel was very tired and rather anxious to get home. As they rode along in the frosty night, she thought of the home they had just left and the people who lived there.

"In spite of what Mrs. Edmunds says, there must be lots of advantages for farm life — even for a woman," she said.

"Name one," challenged Johnny.

"Peace, serenity, security — there are three for you."

"I'd trade all the serenity and security in the world for the excitement and thrill of constructing something big like a dam or a bridge," he replied. "Even if I had just a small part in the work."

"Yes, I believe you would. Well, people are different, fortunately."

Johnny left her at the door, and when she went inside she found Mrs. Willett, Christine, Marva, and Jeff seated in the living room playing a game of scrabble. They looked so comfortable and contented that Geniel felt a momentary pang of resentment, which she knew to be entirely unreasonable.

"What five-letter word starting with K means where in the dickens have you been?" asked Marva. "Don't tell us you stayed up on the mountain until now?"

"We've been looking at Pete Edmunds' airplanes," Geniel replied, "at least Johnny has. I listened to his mother expound the joys of farm life."

"Such as . . . ?" asked Jeff.

"Such as solitude and serenity." Geniel neglected to explain that this was her own interpretation.

"There's dinner out on the stove," said Mrs. Willett. "I'll give you my place here as soon as you've eaten."

"Thanks, we ate — abundantly, at the Edmunds. I'll go up and limber in a hot bath while I can still move."

She climbed the stairs, and after her bath put on a warm robe. She brought out writing materials and began a letter. After the first few lines she changed the robe for a pretty red woolen dress, and started down again. Mrs. Willett, she remembered, got sleepy after nine. Someone really ought to take her place at the game.

(To be concluded)

Time Is Now

Rose Thomas Graham

Time to the very young is now.
There is no past, no future;
The little chap lives now.
His morning bath is now, his kiss is now,
And all he knows of noon is now.

Today I heard uncertain steps climb up and up,
Then run along the hall.
A gentle tap.
"Come in," I called.
He did, but only smiled.
"I'm glad you came," I said.
He turned and ran.
I called, "Come again sometime."
Half way down the stairs he stopped, climbed back,
And, coming to my door, he said
"I comed again sometime."
Time to the young is now.

My Way or My Happiness

Celia Luce

WHICH is more important, that I have my way, or that I have my happiness? Happiness comes, not through selfish gratification of desire, but through loving service to others.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Velma H. Peterson

PALOMAR STAKE (CALIFORNIA) FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Front row, seated, left to right: Florence N. Shaffer, Education Counselor; Velma H. Peterson, President; Leah P. Sowby, Work Director Counselor; Grace E. Thornton, Secretary-Treasurer.

Standing, left to right: Clara L. Tenney, literature class leader; Helen B. Brown, social science class leader; Virginia B. Lindsey, theology class leader; Ella J. Robertson, visiting teacher message leader; Elizabeth G. Wahlen, *Magazine* representative; Marcia M. Going, organist.

The chorister Afton Todd was absent when the picture was taken.

Sister Peterson reports: "Palomar Stake was organized on November 6, 1960, from what had previously been the South Coast District of the California Mission. These sisters were on the district board and continued on as the first stake board of Relief Society. The picture was taken at a visiting teacher social on April 20, 1961, in Fallbrook, California."

Photograph submitted by Vera Crockett

HAYWARD STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT INTERSTAKE CONFERENCE, March 5, 1961

Vera Crockett, President, Hayward Stake Relief Society, stands in the first row, sixteenth from the left; Dorothy Brown, Education Counselor, stands second from the left in the first row.

Eva Newton, Work Director Counselor, stands fourth from the right in the back row; Delia Bates, organist, stands fourteenth from the left in the first row, and Sue Hickenlooper, chorister, stands in the first row, fifteenth from the left.

Sister Crockett reports: "Many hours were spent in practicing for this conference, and the singing was praised by all who heard it. We were very thrilled with the response of our women, and especially with the efforts of our wonderful chorister Sue Hickenlooper. She is a talented musician and a willing worker. We are very fortunate to have her on our board."

Photograph submitted by Ivy W. Richins

BOUNTIFUL STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE, February 17, 1961

Front row, seated, left to right: Hannah Jane Harrison; Emma Garrett; Minnie Bishop.

Back row, standing, left to right: Agnes Gibbs; Bertha Hardy.

Ivy W. Richins, President, Bountiful Stake Relief Society reports: "Rose Burning-

ham and Amanda Porter, who were ill at the time the picture was taken, are not in the picture. These seven sisters have each served over fifty years as a visiting teacher. They were honored at the visiting teacher convention and presented with beautiful corsages. Thirty-six other sisters were honored for twenty years of service. A very uplifting and spiritual meeting was enjoyed, with William H. Walsh of the General Church Welfare Committee as guest speaker."

Photograph submitted by Beatrice S. McConkie

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF SERVICE

Front row, seated, left to right: Ivie Manwaring; Myrtle Collier; Rebecca Stewart; Laura Evans.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mary Hatch; Violet Goodrich; Pearl Richens; Effie Powell.

Beatrice S. McConkie, President, Uintah Stake Relief Society, reports: "These sisters were honored for over thirty-five years of service as visiting teachers during our visiting teacher convention held February 24, 1961. Sister Stewart first served as a visiting teacher when she was fourteen years of age. Corsages were presented to twenty other visiting teachers, in recognition of their outstanding achievements. Cards listing 'My Duty and Privilege as a Visiting Teacher' were presented to each visiting teacher present. Certificates were also awarded for one hundred per cent visiting teaching during 1960 to the Davis, Naples, Vernal Second, and Vernal Fourth Wards.

"During the program, a special tribute 'The Key' was given by Milda Jones, stake visiting teacher message leader. Also, a skit entitled 'Visiting Teaching Yesterday and Today' was presented. The convention was an inspiration to all who were present. We feel that we have been greatly blessed in our Relief Society work during the past year, and wish to express to the General Board our appreciation for the wonderful help which has been given to us."

Photograph submitted by Maude H. Ludlow

PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR MANY OCCASIONS

Front row, seated, left to right: Maude H. Ludlow, President, Palmyra Stake Relief Society; Dale B. White, Second Counselor; chorister Nellie Larsen; organist Verda Tuckett.

President Ludlow reports: "These dear Singing Mothers from ten wards in our stake are in demand on many occasions for their beautiful singing. During the past year they have participated in two stake conferences, monthly leadership meetings, funerals, and for our stake Relief Society social honoring our *Magazine* representatives on February 16, 1961. We love them for their unselfish service and the joy they bring into our lives with their lovely music."

Photograph submitted by Evelyn P. Henriksen

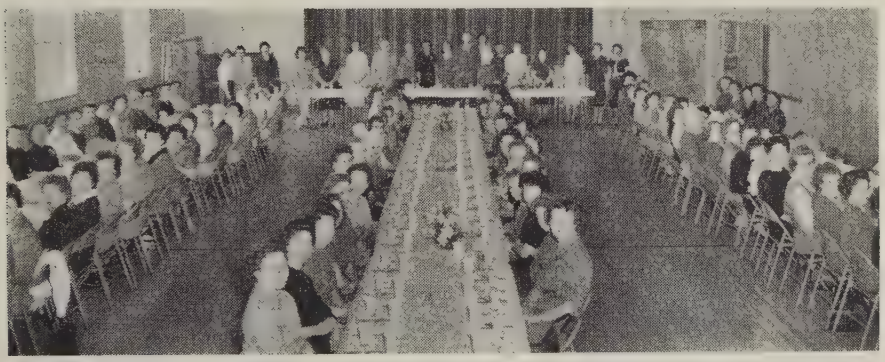
OLYMPUS STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 26, 1961

Joyce H. Timmerman, organist, stands second from the left in the second row; Iola J. Peterson, chorister, first on the left in the first row; Evelyn P. Henriksen, President, Olympus Stake Relief Society, fifth from the right in the first row; Verna Lou C. Gledhill, First Counselor, seventh from the right in the back row; Thora W. King, Secretary-Treasurer, second from the right in the back row.

Sister Henriksen reports: "Each spring our Singing Mothers chorus has been asked to present the music for our stake quarterly conference. We are especially pleased to

have this opportunity. Our chorus has approximately seventy members, with each of the nine wards in the stake being represented. Two weeks before this picture was taken we were saddened by the death of our beloved Second Counselor Lydia S. Russell, but we felt it a great honor to furnish the music for her funeral.

"Each of the ward Singing Mothers choruses presents the music upon other special occasions which arise during the year. We are especially grateful to our mothers for the time they unselfishly give to bring joy and spirituality to the hearts of others through their beautiful singing."



Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER WEST STAKE (COLORADO) VISITING TEACHER CONVENTION AND LUNCHEON, March 29, 1961

Standing at the head table (top center), left to right: Virginia Lee, stake literature class leader; Carol Barnard, social science class leader; Rolene Williams, theology class leader; Phyllis Hoer, Boulder Ward *Magazine* representative; Buena Scott, Denver Sixth Ward *Magazine* representative; Donna Johnson, Denver Fifth Ward *Magazine* representative; Lilly Williams, Denver Second Ward *Magazine* representative; Mollie Richardson, First Counselor, Denver West Stake Relief Society; Della H. Teeter, President, Denver West Stake Relief Society; Elder Raymond R. Barnes, President, Denver West Stake; Joan McKay; Lynwood Russell, Secretary-Treasurer, Denver West Stake Relief Society; Phyllis Mohler, *Magazine* representative, Denver West Stake; Ester Parberry, *Magazine* representative, Golden Ward; Betty Palmer, *Magazine* representative, Denver Seventh Ward; Ada Jones, stake work meeting leader; Leorial Hadley, stake visiting teacher message leader.

President Teeter reports: "The Denver West Stake Relief Society Visiting Teacher Convention and Luncheon was held March 29, 1961. The Golden and Denver Ninth Wards Singing Mothers furnished the music. Stake President R. Raymond Barnes and Stake Relief Society President Della H. Teeter addressed the convention. Leorial Hadley, stake visiting teacher message leader, introduced the summer messages. Luncheon was served to 152 by the stake board, with table decorations by Ada Jones, stake work meeting leader. At the luncheon, felt book covers were presented by President Barnes to stake and ward *Magazine* representatives in honor of their attaining the *Magazine* honor roll, with 105 per cent. All the wards achieved the honor roll."

ORANGE COUNTY STAKE (CALIFORNIA) PORTRAYS SPECIAL PRESENTATIONS "OUT OF THE BOOK" IN HONOR OF THE BIRTHDAY OF RELIEF SOCIETY, March 17, 1961

"The Orange County Stake Relief Society celebrated the 119th birthday of Relief Society," reports President Mary S. Grasteit, "with a beautifully arranged entertainment on Friday evening, March 17th, in the Fullerton chapel.

"President Mary S. Grasteit and her Counselors Ruth M. Bell and Minnie S. Pressett were in charge of the program. The presentation reviewed and displayed the year's work, with each department presenting an act of the play 'Out of the Book,' directed by Lorna Rapier, stake theology class leader. 'Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age — Our Prophets Speak' was directed by Neva Johnson, stake social science class leader; and 'This I Remember' was directed by Helen West, stake literature class leader.

"A forty-voice Singing Mothers chorus, under the direction of Venna Black, stake chorister, and accompanied by Jane Gudmundsen, stake organist, presented 'The Heavens Are Telling,' 'The Lord Is My Light,' 'No Man Is an Island,' and other numbers. The inspirational program was followed by a social hour, with refreshments, enjoyed by the Relief Society women of the stake, their husbands, and friends."

Photograph submitted by Nellie R. Mecham

UTAH STAKE (UTAH) RECENTLY APPOINTED RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY, February 26, 1961

Front row, left to right: Florence T. Britsch, Work Director Counselor; Nellie R. Mecham, President.

Back row, left to right: Edna H. Williams, Education Counselor; Louise H. Cardall, Secretary-Treasurer.

Photograph submitted by Ruth W. Palmer

FLAGSTAFF STAKE (ARIZONA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, January 1961

Ruth W. Palmer, President, Flagstaff Stake Relief Society, reports: "Over forty Singing Mothers, from eight wards and branches, participated in the chorus. It was fun singing together, and some of the sisters came from over one hundred miles to participate. Our stake chorister was Naomi Kuhn (wearing flower), and her daughter-in-law Dennie Kuhn accompanied. Because of the scattered condition in our stake, it is difficult for the mothers to participate as much as they would like to. Many of our wards and branches have their own Singing Mothers groups. We are asked to furnish the music for one quarterly conference a year, which is a wonderful opportunity."

Blue Rock

Mabel Jones Gabbott

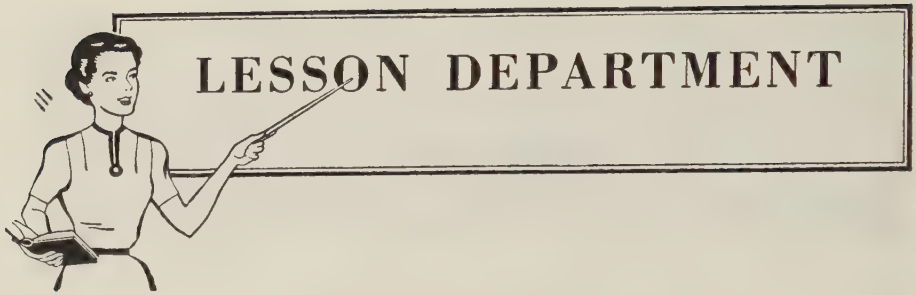
Half way up the hillside was a flat blue rock,
Here we paused in climbing to rest and talk . . .

Of how the narrow railway tied a silver bow
Around our little valley; how the fields below

Plowed, or newly planted, or rich in harvest board,
Made the valley table a king-size checkerboard,

How the little houses, chimneyed snug and warm,
Circled all completely, standing arm in arm;

Sometimes we looked inward, and read each other's heart;
Then, we walked down the hillside, lingering, loath to part.



Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 33 — Records Are Important

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 47)

For Tuesday, October 3, 1961

Objective: To point out the necessity for record keeping in the Church, the development of the Church Historian's Office, and to encourage the keeping of records within families.

Background

A commandment that a record should be kept was given during the meeting in which six brethren met formally to organize the Church on April 6, 1830. (See D & C 21:1.) When Oliver Cowdery met the Prophet Joseph Smith for the first time in April 1829, he began to assist the Prophet as his scribe in the translation of The Book of Mormon. (See D & C, Section 6.) As the companion of Joseph Smith in this work, Oliver Cowdery acted as the Church Historian and Recorder. When Section 47 was received in Kirtland, Ohio, on March 8, 1831, appointing John Whitmer, son of Peter Whitmer, Sr., as Church Historian, Oliver Cowdery's assignment ended.

John Whitmer

John Whitmer received many wonderful privileges and opportunities to become one of the truly great men of this dispensation. In addition to his call as Church Historian, he was the subject of a number of revelations — Sections 15, 26, 30, 69, 70. Some of his responsibilities in the Church were to assist in presiding over the Church in Missouri, to serve as a missionary, to help the Prophet in the compilation of the revelations in the *Book of Commandments*, and to assist Oliver Cowdery in superintending the printing of them.

Probably the most important responsibility placed upon him was the call as one of the eight witnesses of The Book of Mormon. With his brethren, he testified that he had seen the plates. Although John Whitmer failed to live up to his high calling, he never denied his testimony. (See *D & C Commentary*, page 75.)

John Whitmer, Church Historian

The call of John Whitmer as

Church Historian is an example of a fulfilled desire to receive the call by revelation.

> . . . John Whitmer, according to his own representations, said he would rather not keep the Church history, but observed —"The will of the Lord be done, and if He desires it, I wish that He would manifest it through Joseph the Seer" (*D.H.C.* I:166, footnote).

In the revelation he is informed of his appointment and his responsibility as historian. (Read D & C 47:3-4.) Within the year following receipt of this revelation, John Whitmer was instructed to accompany Oliver Cowdery to Independence, Missouri, and the revelations compiled as *A Book of Commandments* should be printed. In that revelation, the duties of Brother Whitmer as historian are given. (Read D & C 69:3, 7-8.)

The history of the Church written by John Whitmer was only "a mere sketch of the things that transpired." His total work consisted of eighty-five pages which included many of the revelations given while he was in office. During the period when many brethren became disaffected, he was in the Presidency of the Church in Missouri. The members of the Church in that area did not sustain him and his associates in the Presidency. Although the presiding brethren demanded that he deliver the history of the Church to the presiding brethren, he refused. Years after his death, a copy of the history was obtained by the Church.

Church Historian's Office

The Historian's Office became recognized as a distinct part of the Church organization in 1843, when the Prophet Joseph Smith appointed Willard Richards Church Historian and General Church Recorder. Since that time the official title of Church Historian and Recorder has been used by each person succeeding him. The present Historian and Recorder is President Joseph Fielding Smith, also President of the Council of the Twelve. The first Assistant Church Historian was Elder Wilford Woodruff who received this office in October 1856. Elders A. William Lund and Preston Nibley occupy this position today.

In an article about the Church Historian's Office written by Elder A. William Lund, from which the above information was obtained, the following appears as the purpose of this office:

> It is the aim of this office to gather all books, pamphlets, tracts, newspapers, records, etc., published by the Church and those written by members of the Church; those books pertaining to Western History, especially when dealing with the Mormons; also books written by non-Mormons which are friendly in their nature and those written by anti-Mormons. We have also in the Historian's Office hundreds of early records of the missions, and since 1907 all the records of births, baptisms, ordinations, deaths, and excommunications which have taken place in the Church (*Improvement Era*, November 1956, pp. 853-854).

Section 123 of The Doctrine and Covenants given March 1839, is a revelation setting forth the need for the saints to assemble all anti-Mormon literature. The position of the Church Historian is one of great importance. (Read *D & C Commentary*, page 279.)

Historical Accuracy Essential

In harmony with the desire of the Prophet to record facts relating to

his life and the history of the Church that men might know the truth, these words from the Church Historian and Recorder should give us an appreciation of the place of the Church in the world.

In regard to the recording of history, the thing that is most important is accuracy. If history is not accurate, it is harmful. It has been said that history is what historians declare it shall be and many historians write with that thought in mind. Of course this is a deplorable situation, which we cannot help. You take history written 50 years ago by some writers of the North in relation to the Civil War [in the United States] and compare it with the writings of someone from the Southern States and you will find a vast difference. . . .

The most important history in the world is the history of our Church and it is the most accurate history in the world. It must be so. It is the most important to us because that history contains the hand dealings of God direct to us through revelation as it has come in the Doctrine and Covenants, in The Book of Mormon, and in any revelation that comes to us through the servants of the Lord for our guidance. . . . In our history if there are mistakes we can say as did Moroni in The Book of Mormon, "They are the mistakes of men" (Elder Joseph Fielding Smith: "History and History Recorders," *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, Vol. 16, April 1925, pp. 53-55; 58-59).

Is it not reasonable and consistent with our knowledge of the purpose of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as the only true Church on the earth that our history is the most accurate? Certainly the Lord would inspire his servants and help them make accurate records where it is necessary that the Church be a standard and a light for the world, as prophesied. (See D & C 115:5.) The prayers of the Church membership are for the upbuilding of Zion upon the earth, a necessary part of which is the keeping of records which will redound to the blessing of the people of the world who will be attracted to the gospel. The words of Wilford Woodruff, on September 15, 1856, in dedicating the Church Historian's Office building, located on the site of the present Medical Arts Building in Salt Lake City, express the desire of the faithful member of the Church:

And by virtue of the Holy Priesthood vested in us, in the name of Jesus Christ, we do dedicate it and consecrate it unto the Lord our God, and we set it apart that it may contain holy records of the Church and Kingdom of God, and we ask in the name of Jesus Christ that it may be sanctified and holy unto Thy name, and we pray that we may be inspired by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost while acting as Historians or clerks for the Church, and may we keep a true and faithful record and history of Thy Church and Kingdom and Thy servants, and may it be kept in that way and manner that it may be acceptable unto Thee, O Lord, and unto Thy servants, the presidency of Thy Church. . . .

And we ask Thee to bless us and prosper us in all things, and we pray that Thou wilt bring to our remembrance all things which are necessary to the writing of this history. And that papers and documents and all things necessary may be brought to us, to enable us to compile a right, useful and proper history (*Improvement Era*, November, 1956, pp. 795, 853).

Instructions to the Twelve

Among the instructions given by the Prophet to the Twelve Apostles after their appointment on February 14, 1835, was the necessity of keeping a record of their official acts. The Prophet Joseph Smith expressed sorrow over the fact that decisions reached on doctrine and duties relating to the kingdom of God had not always been recorded. Consequent-

ly, "We cannot bear record to the Church and to the world of the great and glorious manifestations which have been made to us with that degree of power and authority we otherwise could, if we now had these things to publish abroad." He then proceeded to instruct the Twelve to keep a record of their proceedings, declaring it to be of infinite worth and that it would be a feast to their souls. These records would also be a means of protection against the Adversary because neglect in this regard would bring about the withdrawal of the Spirit of God (*D.H.C.* II:199).

Our Acts Are Recorded

The Prophet Joseph Smith said that "Our acts are recorded, and at a future day they will be laid before us" (*D.H.C.* II:26). In a letter written to the Church concerning salvation for the dead, and after quoting Revelation 20:12, the Prophet wrote:

> You will discover in this quotation that the books were opened; and another book was opened, which was the book of life; but the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works; consequently, the books spoken of must be the books which contained the record of their works, and refer to the records which are kept on the earth. And the book which was the book of life is the record which is kept in heaven; the principle agreeing precisely with the doctrine which is commanded you in the revelation contained in the letter which I wrote to you previous to my leaving my place [D & C Section 127] — that in all your recordings it may be recorded in heaven (D & C 128:7).

The Book of the Law of the Lord

Imbued with the need to keep records, the Prophet kept a record called *The Book of the Law of the Lord* in which he wrote the names of those who were true to the Lord and also to himself as the Lord's anointed. Concerning one of these persons he referred to him as "A faithful man in Israel; therefore his name shall never be forgotten" (*D.H.C.* V:125). To be thought of and to be worthy of such a comment would be the wish of all who have a testimony of the truth restored in this dispensation.

Joseph Smith's journal or diary is the accurate history of this dispensation from the beginning to the end of the Prophet's life. It is known as the *History of the Church*, and the *Documentary History of the Church*, consisting of six volumes. The seventh volume covers the period immediately following the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith to the sustaining of President Brigham Young and his counselors as the First Presidency on October 8, 1848. This vote ratified the action of the general conference held on the Iowa side of the Missouri River on December 27, 1847.

The Value of Journals or Diaries

Not only did the Council of the Twelve keep minutes of their official acts as a body, but many maintained journals of their personal activities. Many of these journals, together with those kept by others of the brethren, have been extremely important in giving information about their missionary labors, pioneer activities, and other aspects of our history. The number of these brethren runs into a very large number. Among these was Wilford Woodruff who assisted in bringing many wonderful happenings during and after President Joseph Smith's life

to the attention of the Church. From this passage one will realize the way in which he was able to perform this function:

There is one subject I wish to speak upon and that is the keeping of a journal with respect to the dealings of God with us. I have many times thought the Quorum of the Twelve and others considered me rather enthusiastic upon this subject; but when the Prophet Joseph organized the Quorum of the Twelve, he counseled them to keep a history of their lives, and gave his reasons why they should do so. I have had this spirit and calling upon me since I first entered this Church. I made a record from the first sermon I heard, and from that day until now I have kept a daily journal. Whenever I heard Joseph Smith preach, teach, or prophesy, I always felt it my duty to write it; I felt uneasy and could not eat, drink, or sleep until I did write; and my mind has been so exercised upon this subject that when I heard Joseph Smith teach and had no pencil or paper, I would go home and sit down and write the whole sermon, almost word for word and sentence by sentence as it was delivered, and when I had written it it was taken from me, I remembered it no more. This was the gift of God to me. . . .

Another reason I was moved upon to write in the early days was that nearly all the historians appointed in those times apostatized and took the journals away with them (Matthias F. Cowley, *Wilford Woodruff*, pp. 476-477).

In 1856, a large number of missionaries received instructions from Elders Wilford Woodruff and Parley P. Pratt on the necessity of keeping an accurate record of their labors. The journals were to be full, correct, and proper.

Many important reasons for keeping an accurate record of important events in one's life are provided in this advice given in 1849 by Elder Orson Pratt to the members of the British Mission.

If every elder had, during the last nineteen years, kept a faithful record of all that he had seen, heard, and felt of the goodness, wisdom and power of God, the Church would now have been in possession of many thousand volumes, containing much important and useful information. How many thousands have been miraculously healed in this Church, and yet no one has recorded the circumstances. Is this right? Should these miraculous manifestations of the power of God be forgotten and pass into oblivion? Should the knowledge of these things slumber in the hearts of those who witnessed them, and extend no further than their own verbal reports will carry them? . . . We should keep a record because Jesus has commanded it. We should keep a record because the same will benefit us and the generations of our children after us. We should keep a record because it will furnish many important items for the general history of the Church which would otherwise be lost (*Millennial Star* 11:152).

It is probably unnecessary for everyone to keep a daily journal, but it is necessary that one keep a record of important activities and events in one's life. We might raise this point, if I had kept a record of the Lord's blessings to me in faith-promoting experiences, etc., I might leave to my children a permanent record which would impress and create in them a desire to live the gospel and to assist them to be strong Latter-day Saints.

The private journals kept by our progenitors are important as a part of the general history of the Church. With this in mind President Joseph Fielding Smith said at a general conference:

. . . Moreover, there are many important private journals scattered about which we would like to obtain for preservation and for historical purposes. We discover that when these are left in the keeping of the descendants of the pioneers, they frequently are lost, or lose their value by the time they reach the third or fourth gen-

eration, and are thrown away. If they are given to us we will file them away where they will be preserved (*Conference Report*, April 1934, page 20).

Genealogical Records

Subsequent lessons will deal with the great subject of salvation for the dead, including genealogical research as a part of that material. We should at this time, however, be mindful of the need to give encouragement to each member of the family in keeping books of remembrance, life histories, genealogical pedigrees, and the maintenance of interest in genealogical research and temple activity, where possible.

Summary

Section 47 of The Doctrine and Covenants is the revelation appointing John Whitmer as Church Historian. This brother had many opportunities to remain faithful to the high callings which came to him in the Church, but he failed in keeping the faith, notwithstanding he never denied his testimony of The Book of Mormon. Later, in 1843, the Church Historian's Office became a part of the Church organization and serves today as the repository of the vital statistics and history of the Church. The history of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is intended to be an accurate history because it was and is prepared by brethren who have the Spirit of the Lord to guide them in their important duties. From the beginning of this dispensation the commandment has been given that the Latter-day Saints are to be a record-keeping people to benefit themselves as individuals and also to present to the world the truths of the dispensation of the fulness of times. The necessity of making accurate records in other dispensations of the gospel has been noted in this lesson. The value of life histories prepared by the individual in contributing to the general history of the Church has also been noted. The preparation of genealogical records is of extreme importance as a part of every Latter-day Saint's responsibility. The faithful Latter-day Saint accepts the Lord's will as contained in the scriptures, and accepts the obligation to participate in its varied activities. This faithfulness will bring joy and satisfaction to the participant and to his family.

Questions for Discussion

1. In what Church callings did John Whitmer serve? What is his relationship to The Book of Mormon?
2. What are the purposes of the Church Historian's Office? Which one of these purposes seems to be the most important?
3. Under what circumstances should a person keep a journal or diary?
4. What advice does the Church Historian's Office give regarding pioneer journals?
5. What kind of genealogical records should be kept by members of the Church?

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 33 — "He That Prayeth, Whose Spirit Is Contrite, the Same Is Accepted of Me . . ." (D & C 52:15).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, October 3, 1961

Objective: To show the true meaning of prayer with a contrite spirit.

PRAYER is truly "the soul's sincere desire." Probably no other motivating force is as universally present in the spirit of man as is the desire to draw near to our Father in heaven and to seek his divine comfort and help.

Even those of us who make a habit of prayer often feel that we lack the knowledge of how to draw near to our Heavenly Father, so that we are sure he will hear and answer the pleadings of our hearts. Like the disciples of old, many of us cry out, "Lord, teach us to pray" (Luke 11:1).

The Lord has answered this plea many times and in many ways. In our modern scripture (see D & C 52:15), he tells us specifically what to do if our prayers are to be acceptable unto him. He admonishes us to come to him with a contrite spirit. But, we say, what does he mean by a contrite spirit? The answer is given in many places throughout the scriptures. For example, through his prophet Jeremiah, the Lord spoke these words: "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13). To Solomon the Lord said, "If my people . . . shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven" (II Chron. 7:14). The Book of Mormon prophet Alma tells us ". . . acknowledge your unworthiness before God at all times" (Alma 38:14), and, in The Doctrine and Covenants 88:63, the Lord instructs us, "Draw near unto me and I will draw near unto you; seek me diligently and ye shall find me. . . ."

From these scriptures we learn that in order to pray with a contrite spirit, we must *search* for the Lord *with all our hearts* and with complete *humility*. We must *draw near* to the Lord if we expect him to draw near to us, and we must *seek him* with *sincerity* and *diligence*. Furthermore, we must *acknowledge our weaknesses* and faults before the Lord in full repentance.

To pray with contriteness we must cleanse our hearts and souls of such human weaknesses as envy, jealousy, malice, and strife. We cannot draw near to our Father in heaven if we are angry with our neighbor or if we have a feeling of hatred in our hearts. We must search our souls for our imperfections and shortcomings, acknowledging them freely before the Lord and asking for his mercy and forgiveness. This does not mean that we should dwell unnecessarily on

our weaknesses; rather, we should make our prayers constructive and cast our burdens at the feet of the Lord, knowing that an all-wise Father knows our shortcomings, and the sincerity of our desire to correct them. Someone has said that, "When the soul has laid down its faults at the feet of God, it feels as though it had wings."

One of the classic examples in scripture of how to pray with a contrite spirit is told by the Savior in the parable of the Pharisee and the publican. The Pharisee prayed, ". . . I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers. . . . I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." The publican, "standing afar off," offered his prayer in only seven simple words, in abject humility. He pleaded "God be merciful to me a sinner." The Savior said that this was the type of prayer which was acceptable to him. (See Luke 18:11-13.)

It is the sincerity, earnestness, and contriteness of our hearts that count when we pray, and not the multiplying of words, or the repeating of trite phrases. Let us remember the Lord has said, "I know thy heart, and have heard thy prayers . . ." (D & C 112:11).

Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 1 — Manners Matter

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, October 10, 1961

Objective: To show that good manners are fundamental in establishing harmonious relationships with our fellow beings.

IN the matter of manners . . . they matter!

Manners are our social security. They are the "open sesame" to friends and fun, to satisfying experiences, and worthwhile achievement. They are the saving grace in the complexities of family living. They are the very thing about our way of life which makes us a civilized people.

Our manners silently say that we are alert and aware, thoughtful and considerate, that we respect ourselves as well as others, that we are responsible and responsive, and that we are entirely pleasant to be around.

Or they may suggest the exact opposite.

In the matter of manners, how do YOU do?

This is indeed a question we each should ask ourselves. Being typical human beings, we undoubtedly note the need for some improvement. Our next step should be to set about on a program of self-improvement, not only in the matter of manners,

social behavior, and in our dealings with others, but in our appearance and our personality as well.

For our own happiness this study is important. There are at least three other main reasons why such a program of improvement is worth the effort.

1. We are a Church with lay leaders, teachers, and participants. In this type of organization, it behooves us all to excel in the art of proper human relationships. How many of our programs in the Church are hindered because of hurt feelings, misunderstandings, improper considerations, offensive behavior, and poor example?

2. We have the eyes of the world upon us as a Church. We have often been termed a "peculiar people." But if it should be used because some among us show lack of culture, or good taste, or insufficient respect for self or others, the term would not be complimentary. By good example we can attract many people to the Church and influence others favorably.

3. We are the women in the Church, and our example of gentleness and modesty is communicated from our homes into the lives of our children and into our Church and social activities.

Good behavior demands a certain willingness to discipline oneself for the sake of others. It is putting their comfort before our own. Observing definite rules, as well as simply being considerate, has great value also. It gives conformity and orderliness to social situations. In any interplay among human beings, where there is a difference of opinion, personalities, and activities, it is only logical to have some regulations for behavior. They serve as a kind of traffic semaphore. They give us a feeling of security because we know what to do when acquainted with the established rules of living with others.

Good manners, good taste, indicate our respect or lack of it for the dignity of man, the worth of the human soul. Because we are members of the true Church of Jesus Christ, we should try to be superior people in all respects, not the least being our dealings with other children of God. Behavior doesn't depend upon material things or external tools. It depends upon us. It is, in the final consideration, so much a reflection of our character, that, good or bad, it shows us for what we truly are.

A woman never feels so feminine as when a man is being a gentleman. A woman feels rightful pride when she witnesses her son or husband, her brother or her father, perform an act of consideration and thoughtfulness. A woman can and should inspire proper behavior. She can also instruct her sons, for by her very nature and the experiences she constantly encounters, it is she who can advise and remind of the social amenities so vitally important in social interplay.

Skill in social behavior fosters good public relations, saves embarrassing moments, protects reputations, guards against misunderstandings, increases efficiency, creates a mood for spirituality, encourages understanding, improves personality.

A woman should allow a man (this, incidentally, includes her husband) every opportunity to do things for her, such as carrying her packages (not her personal handbag, however) opening doors (as they approach the door she should step to one side so that he can reach the knob), helping her with her coat (she hands it to him rather than struggling with it herself). Family night rehearsals in the art of helping

one in and out of a coat could prove beneficial. If she drops something in the presence of a man, she doesn't try to beat him to the floor to retrieve it. If she has already climbed from the car, before he can get around to help her, he can't very well open the door for her. In ordinary situations, she should wait until he comes. If he momentarily forgets, he will soon notice she isn't beside him and come back for her! At which point she should smile her sweetest and thank him sincerely — an act which should follow each of the thoughtful things he does for her.

Both young men and young women stand when a much older man or woman enters the room. This is to show respect. A young man also stands when any woman, except a child, comes into his presence.

So in the matter of manners — they matter, not as a simple performance of rules, but as a motivation from thoughts which mark us as being well-bred, a good Christian, a beloved and loving soul.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why is it worthwhile to learn the basic rules of etiquette?
2. How are good behavior and religion related?
3. Is it consistent for one to be an active Church member and disregard proper behavior patterns?
4. Discuss some of the ways women can encourage men in social graces.
5. Consider the statement: "It is as wrong to take offense easily as to give it."

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 25 — Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 189, 190, 304, 305)

For Tuesday, October 17, 1961

Objective: To gain further insight into the American past and the human heart through a sympathetic reading of Hawthorne's masterpiece.

HAWTHORNE was America's first truly great literary artist. Clashings of opinions about his works began among his contemporaries and today have grown more voluminous and penetrating. Longfellow, his college chum and lifelong friend, could not read him. Emerson, his twin heir to the Puritan past, found his books to be "good for nothing," while Whitman found in him "a morbid streak to which I can never accommodate myself."

Edgar Allan Poe, who is often said to share with Hawthorne the honor of developing the new literary form, the short story, pioneered by Washington Irving, advised him to "mend his pen, and get a bottle of visible ink." Yet Poe always respected Hawthorne's meticulous craftsmanship and acknowledged him to be a "genius of a very lofty order."

Regarding Hawthorne in highest esteem, the great American novelist Henry James wrote that "no one has had just his vision of life, and no one has had a literary form that more successfully expressed his vision." Anthony Trollope, Hawthorne's favorite novelist, said that his "weird tales are not manufactured, but something indigenous,

something inescapably there," and T. S. Eliot grants him "the firmness, the true, hard coldness of the genuine artist." But it remains for his fellow-genius and soul-searcher, Herman Melville, to praise him in the most intense tones of poetic fervor:

> This Hawthorne has dropped germinous seeds into my soul. He expands and deepens down, the more I contemplate him. . . . His wild witch voice rings through me. . . . He is immeasurably deeper than the plummet of the mere critic. For it is not the brain that can test such a man; it is only the heart. You cannot come to know greatness by inspecting it, there is no glimpse to be caught of it, except by intuition. . . . So now, my countrymen, as an excellent author of your own flesh and blood, whom better can I commend to you than Nathaniel Hawthorne? The smell of young beeches and hemlocks is upon him; your own broad prairies are in his soul; and if you travel away inland into his deep and noble nature, you will hear the far roar of his Niagara. Give not over to future generations the glad duty of acknowledging him for what he is . . . and by confessing his genius you thereby confess others; you brace the whole brotherhood. For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round.

A review of the preceding lesson on Hawthorne (May 1960) will help sketch the frame out of which this most autobiographical of artists re-created his own searchings of the human heart into his haunting tales, but the full majesty of his accomplishment is best experienced in his novel *The Scarlet Letter*.

American Classic

After being employed three drab years in the Salem Custom House, Hawthorne was ousted from his position by the Whigs who had won the election. Driven by strong creative drives long ignored, Hawthorne at once began writing furiously on his new book. He soon became entirely possessed by it, yet constantly concerned that it was too somber and that it was far too historical to appeal to his contemporaries. On February 3, 1850, he finished it, and that evening read the final chapters to his patient Sophia, most eager to observe its effect upon her. Years later he recalled how his emotions were so strong as he first attempted to share his creation that "my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm." As for Sophia, the combined power of Hawthorne's voice while reading his greatest book "broke her heart and sent her to bed with a grievous headache, which I look upon as a triumphant success," Hawthorne observed.

Three days after publication, 1500 copies had been sold, and on a trip to Boston, Sophia heard of little else. A new edition was immediately called for. Surely a Mrs. Gardiner from Maine spoke for many readers when she told Sophia, "As a tragic poem it has never been surpassed and hardly equalled."

When, in 1882, Professor John Nichol of the University of Glasgow published in England the first significant evaluation of American literature, he defined *The Scarlet Letter* as "the most profound, the boldest, the most riveting analytical romance of our tongue, in our century."

In 1957, in his book *Hawthorne's Tragic Vision*, Roy R. Male considered it "the most intensely moving and most beautifully composed work in American fiction." His opinion

is substantiated by the appearance of dozens of critical books on Hawthorne in the past decade, as well as by the fact that, currently, eight publishing houses have paper-back editions of *The Scarlet Letter* in print, or more than twice the number for any other American book no longer protected by copyright.

Hawthorne, Moral Symbolist

Hawthorne's evaluation of Shakespeare might, with complete justice, be applied to his own best work, for it, too, contains "surface beneath surface, to an immeasurable depth." Just as in *Hamlet*, the novel's complex inter-relationship between its characters and the superbly contrived plot enable the dedicated reader to find new depths of wisdom and power within its pages each time he rereads them. As for the new reader, the magnetic power of the novel becomes manifest almost instantly and continues unabated to the end.

While, in a sense, such power pleased Hawthorne, it also frightened him, particularly since the book, as finally written, was by no means the book he wanted to write. Even while carried along on the crest of his own rather mysterious creative energy, he strove to make the novel sunnier and less gloomy, but in vain. His next attempt to enliven its somber morbidity was the addition of *The Custom House*, an introductory chapter which gave vent to his own personal feelings about historic Salem and the evils of political patronage, but which, aside from sketching a plausible historic frame out of which the manuscript of the novel might have come, had little direct bearing on the novel itself. In a final desperate attempt to protect the reader from its full impact, he decided to publish it serially in a magazine, but his publishers believed too strongly both in Hawthorne's gift and in *The Scarlet Letter* itself and, reluctantly, he agreed to its appearance in book form.

So beautifully is *The Scarlet Letter* constructed, with every word contributing to make stronger Hawthorne's central intent, that those reading it for the first time "just for the story," are from its first page swept onward toward an amplified realization of the moral theme: "Be true! Be true! Be true!" Hawthorne is concerned with the effects of mortal sins, not with any *one sin* in isolation, such as adultery, which had been committed long before the book begins. He is concerned with depicting the subtle inter-relating *effects* of sins, one strong effect having been caused by adultery, of which Pearl is the living symbol. His method is most effective when it is indirect, symbolic, paradoxical. It is through using such devices that the conflicting dual nature of man is given artistic embodiment.

The Scarlet Letter

The story of *The Scarlet Letter* is laid in mid-seventeenth-century Boston, a setting most compatible to Hawthorne's imagination, saturated as he was with years of reading in New England history, and well aware of his own identity within the dominating Puritan tradition. Though he carefully arranged his events to conform to a map of seventeenth-century Boston, used such historically veritable persons as Mistress Hibbens, Governor Belling-

ham, and Reverend Wilson as minor characters, and based the use of a scarlet letter as a form of punishment on an actual law to that effect passed in the Plymouth Colony in 1636, Hawthorne's real concern is morals rather than manners.

The plot centers about the scaffold, where a series of tableaux are enacted, interspersed with significant dialogues and revelations of characters' thoughts and fears. First Hester appears on the scaffold to account to society for her crime and to defend her lover's identity. She recognizes in the audience, Chillingworth, her long-absent husband, supposedly lost at sea, and agrees to keep his identity secret.

The next major event on the scaffold is "The Minister's Vigil." Tormented by Chillingworth's insinuating probings, Dimmesdale mounts the scaffold under cloak of night with intent to enact the proclamation of his true identity, which he dares not do in the daylight. When Hester and Pearl pass by on their way home from nursing an ill person, Arthur Dimmesdale asks them to stand by him on the scaffold, thus acknowledging his tie with them for the first time.

Realizing his desperate need for her, Hester meets him in the forest and rouses him to strength and hope with the possibility of their running away to begin life anew. Liberated from his self-imposed duplicity and refreshed at the possibility of regaining some degree of personal integrity, Dimmesdale stays up all night writing his great election sermon. Yet, as he comes to himself, he realizes the futility of attempted escape, writes a new sermon, the most inspirational he has ever delivered, after which he once more mounts the scaffold to declare his true relationship to Hester and Pearl. Dying in some degree of peace, with a clear conscience, Dimmesdale escapes the evil hold of Chillingworth as well as his own false illusion of being able to overcome concealed sin by running away from it.

Within the year, Chillingworth dies, bequeathing a considerable amount of property to little Pearl, making her the richest heiress in the New World. Years later, Hester takes her daughter to Europe. Later, Pearl marries well and evidences appreciation for the struggle of her mother by the love and kindness Pearl bestows upon her. Sometime afterward, Hester returns to Puritan Salem, to spend her remaining years where she had fought and won her inward battle.

In this novel few things or persons are as they appear; surface reality is not true reality. Such surface symbols as the scarlet letter itself, or the letter "A" seen in the heavens by Dimmesdale, do not have great significance. But when we witness Dimmesdale's interpreting the meteoric "A" as a sign sent to remind him of his own concealed adultery, we realize his self-concern and his isolation from the comforting companionship of either God or fellow-human.

The outward symbol achieves its power only when seen within Dimmesdale. Likewise, the novel is justly named, not because of the letter itself, but because of the various, often conflicting, symbolic values given the letter at one time by different people who live in its presence.

For example, when Hester first

emerges from the aged prison to stand before the populace with her fatherless child in her arms and with the scarlet letter of shame on her breast, what does the letter symbolize? To Hester, as to all, it stands for acknowledged sin, a fact which she never denies nor asks others to forget. It also represents her love for Dimmesdale, an affirming force so strong and sustaining within her, in contrast to the uncongenial, somewhat forced relationship she had known with her selfish, intellectually proud scholar husband, that Hester wore the letter proudly. To Chillingworth it symbolized not his domination of a lovely young girl so that she married him, even while he was fully aware that she did not love him, but that Hester had found someone whom she could love, whom he would detect and destroy out of jealousy and revenge. To Dimmesdale it symbolized a love formerly felt which had been replaced by his great love for the prestige and respect of the members of his congregation. This feeling was coupled with the consuming fear of the degrading shame and scorn with which he would be branded if ever Hester revealed his identity.

To the Governor and the Reverend Wilson, the scarlet letter was an outward symbol of private sin which must be confessed publicly so that the welfare of the state and of Hester's soul would not be endangered. To some of the older, less confident wives in the market place, the scarlet letter represented a dangerous leniency, as they felt it should have been burned into Hester's flesh or else she should have been killed as a restraining example on others who might be tempted to stray from virtue. To others nearer her own age and circumstance, this exquisitely wrought example of superb needlework had no real significance; to Hester, every thrust of the sharp needle in her finger as she fashioned it, had left its eternally unhealed wound on her heart.

Which is the "true" reading of the symbol? Hawthorne, skilled craftsman in the techniques of ambiguity, never specifies which; he creates all the above possibilities, then leaves the reader to consider and evaluate them as he chooses.

Nor is Hawthorne content merely to make the reader aware of the varied meanings the letter holds at any one moment; he further complicates it into more nearly resembling the complex relationships of actuality by showing how its symbolic meaning changes with the passing years. Little Pearl, "herself a symbol," becomes both her mother's greatest curse and blessing, for alternately, she forces her mother to account for the letter as being good or evil; then, suddenly, she refuses to give Hester love or obedience until Hester replaces on her breast the removed symbol of her sin. Constantly her beloved Pearl asks Hester, "What the letter mean, Mother? — and why dost thou wear it? — and why does the minister keep his hand over his heart?"

One moment Pearl stands apart from her mother, to pelt the familiar letter with sticks and leaves; the next moment she kisses it, even while rubbing off the unwelcome kisses of Reverend Dimmesdale, who never feels comfortable in her presence. For him, in his self-disparaging envy and weak hypocrisy,

Hester's letter has become a token of pride:

> . . . "Of penance I have had enough! Of penitence, there has been none! Else, I should long ago have thrown off these garments of mock holiness, and have shown myself to mankind as they will see me at the judgment-seat. Happy are you, Hester, that wear the scarlet letter openly upon your bosom! Mine burns in secret! Thou little knowest what a relief it is, after the torment of a seven years' cheat, to look into an eye that recognizes me for what I am! . ." (Chapter XVII — "The Pastor and His Parishioner").

But though the letter has avenged Chillingworth and has brought upon Hester and her child the scorn and isolation of the community, which Hester feels is deserved, gradually it becomes apparent that "the scarlet letter has not done its office." Tirelessly working to bring comfort and solace to others who have sinned, Hester's endless works of understanding and mercy win her the love of her neighbors, and for some, at least, the "A" comes to symbolize *Angel*. It is Dimmesdale who suffers most from the pains of isolation — from his congregation, since they accept him as he appears rather than as he is; from Hester and their child, since their presence is one of integrity and strength which makes his cowardly weakness more despicable; and from his own conscience, since he knows what he should have done, and what he must do. Yet it is not until the very end that his soul-searing inner conflict resolves itself into motion, so that he may, at least, die in peace.

It is Chillingworth, however, who destroys himself. Once a man of conscience and intellectual integrity, his lust for revenge turns his scientific and intellectual skills into cruel, biting probes which, under the guise of friendship and concern, he buries in the unsuspecting Dimmesdale's heart until Chillingworth is on the verge of possessing entire domination of the minister's soul. Thus, having "violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart," through his passionate attempt to satisfy his own injured pride and his mania for revenge, Chillingworth makes himself into a fiend, entirely isolated from any saving tie to wife, profession, society, or God. He becomes evil itself.

Hawthorne's Deep Duality

In our previous lesson, the double quality of Hawthorne's own life was defined and exemplified, a double quality which appeared in many of his short stories, but never with such moving power as found in *The Scarlet Letter*. Although this book is so perfectly balanced that it is debatable whether the main character is Hester or Dimmesdale, many paradoxical or opposing forces intensify this balance, both *within* characters as well as *between* them. For example, is it not paradoxical that Hester, who resigned herself to accepting the consequences of breaking one law, redeemed herself through obeying another, and that her constant adherence to kindness and integrity were enforced by little Pearl, herself the result of moral law-breaking?

It is ironical that Reverend Dimmesdale, who knew that spiritual truth is the greatest reward of mortality, should, until the very end of his life, choose to live a lie; and that the deeper he searched his own soul as he came more and more under Chillingworth's power, the

more convincing and inspirational became his sermons against sin, and the stronger became his congregation's love and respect for him. And is it not paradoxical that Hester, a warm and loving person, should live alone save for the elfish whims of scorn or affection she received from Pearl, yet in her loneliness and suffering she achieved strength and supremacy; while Dimmesdale, living in isolation by his own choice, and having within himself a far keener sensitivity to the importance of the spiritual realities of life and their nearness to him, should, in his loneliness, wither away?

Often Hawthorne employs the companion tool of ambiguity as a means of sharpening his effect of duality in statements, as, "this might be pride, but was so like humility." At the end of chapter ten, as in the scene of Dimmesdale's self-revelation, just what was on his breast? Hawthorne never dulls the reader's imagination by telling him specifically.

Hawthorne feared that *The Scarlet Letter* was too gloomy and somber ever to become popular; he feared that as a writer he would soon be forgotten; he feared that he was provincial and old-fashioned. None of his fears has been justified by the passage of time. Conversely, his intense earnestness, the deep seriousness of his creative imagination which extends "surface beneath surface, to an immeasurable depth"; his effortless combining of the simplicity of greatness with the complexities of mortality, his insight into a new way of feeling and creating which has come to be uniquely American — in all these we find various facets of Hawthorne's greatness and of his indispensability to those who would live more profoundly in the realms of the spirit and the heart.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What factors contribute to Hester's moral and spiritual growth?
2. What caused Dimmesdale to deteriorate morally in view of his religious sensitivity?
3. What effect did Chillingworth's attitude have upon Dimmesdale, Hester, and, finally, upon himself?
4. How are the moral lessons of *The Scarlet Letter* related to the principle of repentance?

Social Science— The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

THE EMINENCE OF WOMAN

Lesson 1 — The Scripture and Woman's Place

". . . neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man . . ." (I Cor. 11:11).

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Tuesday, October 24, 1961

Objective: To help the women of the Church more fully to realize their divinely ordained position.

From the Beginning

1. Subduing the Earth a Joint Responsibility

IN the beginning God created not only the earth, bodies of water, plants, fishes, fowls, and every living

thing upon the earth, but also man, his prize creation. Let us look carefully at the wording in Genesis 1:27-28:

> So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; *male* and *female* created he *them*. And God blessed *them*, and God said unto *them*, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over. . . . [Italics added]

This, you will note, is a joint command to "multiply," and "have dominion over." Earlier, in the 26th verse of the same chapter, the Lord says ". . . and let *them* have dominion over. . . ."

In the Pearl of Great Price the reference is similar (Moses 2:26-28):

> . . . Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and it was so. And I, God, said: Let them have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And I, God, created man in mine own image, in the image of mine Only Begotten created I him; male and female created I them. And I, God, blessed them, and said unto them: Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

There are repeated references to the plural pronoun "them" when speaking of the work of subduing the earth and having dominion over it. Obviously, this work is a joint project, a unified responsibility for the Lord's great program for this world.

2. The Priesthood Divinely Committed to Man

There is order in the Lord's house and there is perfection in his organization. The power to act in the name of God, to establish his program and to perform the ordinances required, is the commission of his power to man. Therefore, while the direction to subdue the earth and to people it was a joint one, the authority, the leadership, and the responsibility for this creative power were given to the man with the understanding

> That the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness (D & C 121:36).

If the man and the woman are one in the sight of God, then in the marriage situation there is no separation of the blessings and benefits that come from the power of the Priesthood.

Adam was the first to hold the Priesthood of God on this earth. In the fifth chapter of Moses, 58th and 59th verses, we read:

> And thus the Gospel began to be preached, from the beginning, being declared by holy angels sent forth from the presence of God, and by his own voice, and by the gift of the Holy Ghost.
>
> And thus all things were confirmed unto Adam, by an holy ordinance, and the Gospel preached, and a decree sent forth, that it should be in the world, until the end thereof; and thus it was. Amen.

Adam hearkened unto the voice of God and taught his children, calling them to repentance. More than that, he conferred upon his sons the Priesthood. In modern revelation (D & C 107:41), we are informed concerning the Melchizedek Priesthood, "This order was instituted in the days of Adam, and came down by lineage. . . ."

It is recognized, then, that God ordained that man should be given the Priesthood. It is also recognized by the same token that God commanded "them" to fulfill the purpose for which this world was created. But woman's eminence is really attained in her responsibility and assignment as the mother of men. As the mother of men she exerts the first major influence on the child through her physical responsibility of building the body. Then the child is cradled in her arms, nurtured by her love, and stimulated by her intellect. In this close primary relationship, she it is who builds in the child respect for law and order, a true recognition of respect, honor, and obedience to the father as the head of the house.

As the scriptures point out, Adam taught his children; Noah taught his children; and the references continue to multiply the number of these instances. However, it is not difficult to recognize the mother's influence where the father's teachings were successful. Where a mother fails in this task, a father's effectiveness is seriously curtailed.

Women and the Teachings of Christ

In the first place, Jesus was born of Mary. She was his mother. She gave him love and cared for him in babyhood. She taught him obedience and provided discipline that guided his footsteps to his later achievements.

In answer to the Pharisee's question, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" Jesus presented, possibly, his strongest teachings as to the place of women in God's creation.

> . . . Have ye not read, that he which made *them* at the beginning made them male and female, And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder (Mt. 19:4-6).

In this discussion of divorce Jesus raises the standing of women to a new high. Geikie in his book *Life and Words of Christ*, Vol. II, page 349, as quoted in Talmage's *Jesus the Christ*, page 484, in explaining Christ's statement relative to putting away one's wife, points out that:

> . . . This statement was of far deeper moment than the mere silencing of malignant spies. It was designed to set forth for all ages the law of His New Kingdom in the supreme matter of family life. It swept away for ever from His Society the conception of woman as a mere toy or slave of man, and based true relations of the sexes on the eternal foundation of truth, right, honor, and love. To ennoble the House and the Family by raising woman to her true position was essential to the future stability of His Kingdom, as one of purity and spiritual worth. By making marriage indissoluble, He proclaimed the equal rights of woman and man within the limits of the family, and, in this, gave their character of nobility to the mothers of the world. For her nobler position in the Christian era, compared with that granted her in antiquity, woman is indebted to Jesus Christ.

Throughout his ministry Christ defended women. He protected them from wicked accusers and showed compassion upon them in their suffering. When Mary and Martha were in deep sorrow at their brother's death, he called Lazarus forth from the tomb and restored him to his family. As he watched the funeral procession of the wid-

ow's son and observed the anguish of her soul, he commanded the young man to arise, and restored him in full health to his mother.

His great esteem for women is evidenced more specifically at the time of the crucifixion. While the accounts mention only John the Beloved of the Twelve being present, there were a number of sorrowing women, among them his mother. As he watched her sorrowing, he spoke to John, commending his mother's care into the hands of this faithful apostle. In the hour of his greatest physical pain and, at the moment of achieving his glorification, he thought of his mother and her welfare.

Following his death and burial, the first to behold Christ were the women. The apostles hesitated, but the women accepted him as Christ.

Women in Modern Revelation

As the details of the gospel were revealed to the Prophet Joseph, the magnitude of its implications was a cause for awe and wonderment at the wisdom of God. The Doctrine and Covenants clearly and specifically sets forth the duties and responsibilities of Priesthood bearers, the sacredness of Priesthood calling, and the obligation involved in being a commissioned representative of God upon the earth.

However, it is made equally clear in The Doctrine and Covenants that marriage is ordained of God and, without the successful observance of the eternal covenant of marriage, one cannot attain the highest degree in the celestial kingdom and the full glory of the Priesthood. This places woman in the same place of eminence God had given her in the beginning with Adam.

As early as 1842, the Prophet Joseph organized the Relief Society in recognition of the importance of women in the program of the Church. In this move he revived the standing of women in the world. The Prophet's revelations began a positive movement toward restoring women to their proper place beside the Priesthood bearers. In Adam's day she was a covenanted partner in subduing the earth and in multiplying and replenishing it.

The woman's organization had far-reaching implications. It was not only to give her expression in the areas of her superb qualifications of assuaging pain and suffering and providing sympathetic understanding, but it was to provide women with an intellectual stimulation, growth, and expression. As the "mother of men" she must provide the stimulation necessary to assure the development of the children of men to their proper place as the spiritual offspring of God.

In the sixth meeting of Relief Society, held April 28, 1842, the Prophet reviewed many of the exceptional qualities of women and then said:

> You will receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood which God has established, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide and direct the affairs of the Church in this last dispensation; and I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads (*D.H.C.* IV:607).

Parents' Responsibility to Children

In specific revelation the Lord has charged the parents, not mother or father, but the *parents* to see that their children are informed upon the basic principles of salvation and exaltation. In verses 25 to 28 in Section 68 of The Doctrine and Covenants, this combined responsibility is clearly stated. The reference is to children before they are eight years of age. This becomes more important when we realize that a person cannot become a member of the Church "unless he has arrived unto the years of accountability before God, and is capable of repentance" (D & C 20:71).

In regard to this joint responsibility we must keep in mind that:

> . . . the worth of souls is great in the sight of God . . . if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father! And now, if your joy will be great with one soul that you have brought unto me into the kingdom of my Father, how great will be your joy if you should bring many souls unto me (D & C 18:10; 15-16)!

We can assume, with confidence, that each member of our family is equally important in the sight of God and that the promise referred to above pertains to the successful parents as well as to the successful missionary. Parents will not obtain the blessing by giving physical existence only to the spirit children of our Father. Their joy and glory will be achieved by bringing their children to a full understanding of the Lord's way of life, thus preparing or disciplining them to make right decisions, and to be worthy of his blessings.

SACRED MUSIC FOR THREE PART LADIES CHORUSES

..... COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER—Madsen ..... .20

..... GOSPEL GIVES UNBOUNDED STRENGTH—Schreiner ..... .30

..... GO YE FORTH WITH MY WORD—Madsen ..... .25

..... IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS—Madsen .. .25

..... INCLINE YOUR EAR—Wilkes .. .25

..... IN THY FORM—Madsen ..... .20

..... LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT FOR JOY—Stephens ..... .20

..... LORD, GOD OF OUR FATHERS—Elgar ..... .25

..... LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER—Verdi ..... .20

..... LORD, WE DEDICATE THIS HOUSE TO THEE—Madsen .... .20

..... OPEN OUR EYES—Macfarlane .25

..... THE 23rd PSALM—Schubert.... .25

Music Sent on Approval

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

Daynes Music Company
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

LEARN TO TYPEWRITE
Beginning and advanced classes start soon. Type your letters, minutes, reports, genealogy sheets, etc.
LDS BUSINESS COLLEGE
70 North Main — EM 3-2765
Salt Lake City, Utah

Amazing NEW!
MAGNIFYING GLASS
ADJUSTABLE
Magna-Vu
SPECIAL GIFT FOR A LOVED ONE
Helps You See Better . . .
Leaves Hands Free To Work
Unfolds so that it can be hung from the neck and be supported away from the body leaving both hands free to do dozens of tedious jobs. Small objects become larger.
Folds up small enough to carry in a ladies' purse or man's pocket. Comes with case.
LOOK — Many Uses
It is especially good for:
1. Reading.
2. Needlepoint.
3. Sewing.
4. Removing slivers.
5. Crocheting.
6. Threading needle.
Price $5.00 postpaid
Also lovely book of poems
MOODS AND MEMORIES
by Fannie G. Brunt
$2.00 prepaid
DESERET SUPPLY
Box FG 145 — Shipping Address 464 N. 8 W.
Salt Lake City 16, Utah

From modern revelation, then, we learn of the significance of woman in the plan of the gospel. Her place is still by the side of her husband in the discharge of his responsibility in his Priesthood calling. His kingdom and glory in this life and eternally are closely knit with his success in family life. The wife, therefore, must be a realistic partner in his success.

In the 131st Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, verses 1 to 4, the Lord said:

> In the celestial glory there are three heavens or degrees; And in order to obtain the highest, a man must enter into this order of the priesthood [meaning the new and everlasting covenant of marriage]; And if he does not, he cannot obtain it. He may enter into the other, but that is the end of his kingdom; he cannot have an increase.

While this quotation does not mention women, yet marriage can have only one reference, and it implies, without question, to the importance of the wife as a partner in man's success in the full responsibility of his Priesthood. This is again emphasized in the 132d Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, verse 4:

> For behold, I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my glory.

This strong statement is repeated even more emphatically in the 6th verse of the same section.

Surely marriage is ordained of God. In fact, it is vital to the fulfilling of the plan of life and salvation. The fulness of the Priesthood can only be attained through suc-

cessful temple marriage. This places woman in a most eminent position; a position of honor, glory, and vital importance. And with all this is the responsibility of being a successful partner. Where much is given much is expected.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Does the use of the term "man" in the story of the creation have an implied meaning? If so what is the implication?
2. What is the significance of the following scripture, ". . . neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord" (I Cor. 11:11)?
3. What place does the scripture give women?
4. What specific responsibility is given to women in the plan of creation?
5. Is the exaltation of man and woman a separate or a conjoint achievement?
6. If woman shares in the glory man attains in fulfilling his Priesthood responsibilities, has she responsibility in his failure?

References:

Genesis, Chapter 1.

The Book of Moses, Pearl of Great Price, Chapters 1-6.

The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 18, 68, 107, and 131.

For Bazaars — Gifts — Handicraft Days—

LOOKING FOR NEW IDEAS?

YOU'LL FIND THEM AT ZIM'S

THE BEST IN HANDICRAFT SUPPLIES — ESTABLISHED 1932

SEND FOR OUR LATEST CATALOG — FREE

√ *Lowest Prices*
√ *Largest Stocks*
√ *Most Variety*
√ *Newest Ideas*

MARBLE "JEWELRY" — ALL SUPPLIES, FOAM AND TOTE BAGS, BASKETRY, TIER HANDLES, MOSAIC SUPPLIES, COPPER TOOLING, TEXTILE PAINTS, "IRON-ON" TRANSFER PENCILS, ALL FLOWER SUPPLIES, COPPER ENAMELING, POPSICLE STICKS — EVERYTHING IN HANDICRAFTS

Wholesale to Dealers — Discounts to Groups

ZIM'S **240 East 2nd South**
Salt Lake City, Utah

Zippy, the Zions Savings Bug, says . . .

Mortgage loan service is fast, convenient at Z.S. & L. . . .

Zions Savings & Loan has been serving Salt Lake homeowners longer than any other savings and loan association in Utah. Applications processed quickly, courteously! Mortgage, tax and insurance matters all handled in one easy plan at Zions Savings & Loan Association.

savings started now earn 4% current rate

Your Savings insured to $10,000 by a Federal agency at Utah's first savings and loan ass'n . . . 77 years secure!

Our Home Improvement loan service is fast, friendly . . . you get up to 5 years to pay!

ZIONS SAVINGS and Loan Association

33 E. First South — Downtown
open Fridays 'til 6:30 p.m.

4901 South State in Murray
open Saturdays 'til Noon

Forgotten Things

Grace Barker Wilson

I had forgotten that the hills
Rise tall against the morning sky,
And how the early sunshine spills
Its gold on trails once traveled by;

The aspen near the kitchen door,
The rocky slope we used to climb;
Rain pools to wade, caves to explore,
Erased by transitory time.

How soft the pussy willows grew
Along the little rivulet.
Time was so beautiful and new
I wonder how I could forget.

Life Bouquet

Ida Elaine James

Little half-promises,
Bloom for me!
Achieve a color,
Whatever it be.

Thrust up from the darkness,
Sure is the root,
And bright the challenge
For crushing foot.

Some shall be thornberries
Pricking them red,
So, sharing together,
Life's pain I have shed.

Sing, thoughts, for color,
For beauty's release
From despair, the black iris,
To whiteness of peace.

Forget me, the poet.
Keep the bright words I say
In a rainbow-glowing
Lifetime bouquet.

Song for Remembering

Evelyn Fjeldsted

A whistled song and a symphony,
Brought music on the evening breeze.
The whistled measures, glad and free,
Flew up and down in changing keys.

Enchanted rhythm seemed to call;
The leaves like symbols clapped and swayed,
And as a calm fell over all,
The little song began to fade.

Strains of violins on moonlight rays,
Came softly through the dark of night,
And deeper tones sustained the praise
To summer's interlude in flight.

The symphony too soon was gone.
In memory the song lives on.

GOLD MEDALLION HOME

A wonderful new way to live

UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.
Buy now from your dealer

• BEAUTIFUL
• HANDY
• DURABLE

A sure way of keeping alive the valuable instruction of each month's *Relief Society Magazine* is in a handsomely bound cover. The Mountain West's first and finest bindery and printing house is prepared to bind your editions into a durable volume.

Mail or bring the editions you wish bound to the Deseret News Press for the finest of service.

Cloth Cover — $2.75; Leather Cover — $4.20

Advance payment must accompany all orders.

Please include postage according to table listed below if bound volumes are to be mailed.

Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.35
150 to 300 miles	.39
300 to 600 miles	.45
600 to 1000 miles	.54
1000 to 1400 miles	.64
1400 to 1800 miles	.76
Over 1800 miles	.87

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press

Phone EMpire 4-2581

33 Richards St. Salt Lake City 1, Utah

HILL CUMORAH PAGEANT

July 21, 1961. Twenty-three days, including Boston, Washington, New York, and Chicago. Top Broadway show will be seen. Church historical places will also be visited, such as Nauvoo and Adam-Ondi-Ahman.

Ask about our tours to the

BLACK HILLS PASSION PLAY

(Including Mt. Rushmore)
Leaves August 19, 1961

See the Colossal Sculpture carved from solid granite of the heads of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. $98.50

LABOR DAY TOUR — Sept. 2-Sept. 4. Includes Zions, Bryce, Grand Canyon, and Glen Canyon Dam. $32.75

HAWAIIAN TOUR in September.

HAWAIIAN TOUR in October.

ROSE PARADE TOUR in December.

ESTHER JAMES TOURS

460 7th Avenue
Salt Lake City 3, Utah
Phones: EM 3-5229 — EL 9-8051

TOURS FOR 1961

JULY—Hawaii, Pageant and Historical Eastern Tour

SEPTEMBER—Europe

OCTOBER—Aloha Week (Hawaii)

DECEMBER—Rose Parade Tour

JANUARY—Around the World Cruise

MARGARET LUND TRAVEL SERVICE

72 East 4th South (Moxum Hotel Lobby)
Box 2065 Salt Lake City 11, Utah
DA 2-5559 — HU 5-2444 — AM 2-2337

Birthday Congratulations

One Hundred Two

Mrs. Mary B. Clark
Provo, Utah

Ninety-nine

Mrs. Tora Nielson Starkie
Vernal, Utah

Ninety-eight

Mrs. Amy Hinton Gent
Nottingham, England

Ninety-seven

Mrs. Matilda Robbins
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Mary Dell Felt Young
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-six

Mrs. Minnie Peterson Brown
Coalville, Utah

Ninety-four

Mrs. Millicent Curtis Smith
Bakersfield, California

Mrs. Lucretia Phelps Pomeroy
Mesa, Arizona

Mrs. Ellen France Robbins
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-two

Mrs. Helen Hoyt Morrill
Junction, Utah

Ninety-one

Mrs. Alice Packer Foutz
Ogden, Utah

Mrs. Anna Ludvigson Nelson
El Paso, Texas

Mrs. Mary Lundquist Glines
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety

Mrs. Mary Ann Matilda Walker Sargent
Cedar City, Utah

Mrs. Susan Liberta Brazier Mitchell
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Belle Fotheringham Bakes
Beaver, Utah

Mrs. Emma Goss Carter Brewster
Centerville, Utah

Mrs. Eliza Clayson Searle
American Fork, Utah

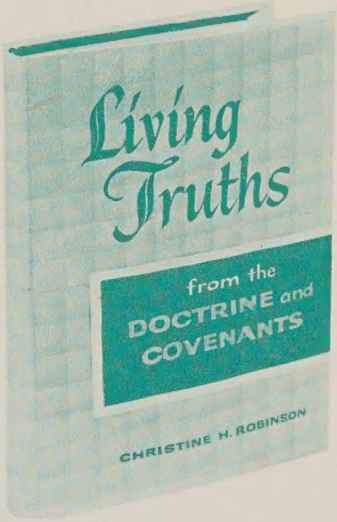
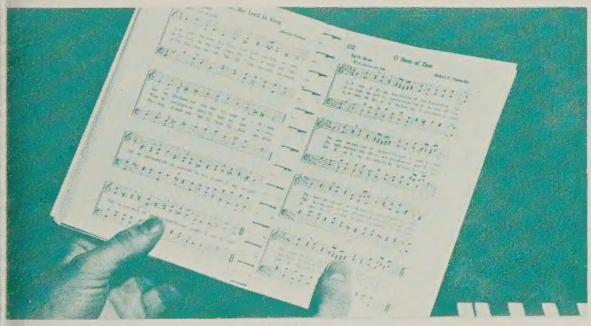
Mrs. Lucy Mass Peterson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Living Truths FROM THE Doctrine & Covenants

Christine Hinckley Robinson

These living truths, based on selected quotations from modern-day revelations, were originally prepared as Relief Society Visiting Teacher Messages. Many of them have been amplified; all of them may be read individually and used as guideposts to daily living. They embrace universal subjects: faith, love, brotherhood, humility, patience, prayer, service, trust, thankfulness, work, and other topics of inspiration. These "gems" for quiet, reflective reading are written by one who loves life and people.

2.00



NEW

ORGANIST AND CHORISTER'S HYMN BOOK

Now, at last, here's a hymn book that lies flat – never needs propping open. It has a plastic spiral binding and pages turn easily. It contains all the selections found in the latest edition of the regular LDS Hymn Book. Durable fabric cover is available in red or blue.

2.00

Deseret Book Co.

44 East South Temple – Salt Lake City, Utah

Deseret Book Company
44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find ....check ....money order ....I have an account. Please charge. Amount enclosed $..... for ..... copies of *Living Truths from the Doctrine and Covenants*, ... *New Organist and Chorister's Hymn Book*.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **Zone** .... **State** .....

Residents of Utah include 3% sales tax.

BANCROFT LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY 4 CALIFORNIA

Responsibilities growing?

How about your Beneficial Mortgage Insurance?

Your responsibilities grow along with your family. Each family addition brings new joys – and new needs. Among these is space. Perhaps you've remodeled your present home to add more rooms. Or you may have purchased recently, or considered purchasing, a larger home. However you plan to provide the space for living that your family needs . . . don't overlook another important responsibility: that of making sure they'll always have the home you want for them – and not just the memory of it. Beneficial Life Mortgage Insurance can make all the difference. And it costs so little when compared with the peace of mind that comes with it. Ask your Beneficial Life man for details.

BENEFICIAL LIFE
Insurance Company
It pays! Life Insurance BENEFICIAL
Virgil H. Smith, Pres. Salt Lake City, Utah